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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Memoir of Central India, including Malwa and the adjoining Provinces, &c. By Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B. K.L.S. 8vo. 2 vols. Kingsbury, Parbury, & Allen. Tax experience and the talent of Sir John Malcolm are too justly appreciated by every rank of his fellow-citizens, to stand in need of our eulogy as a preface to this notice of his work. That it is not altogether new to the public is (rare to say) in its favour; and we need not impress on English readers the importance of the subject of which it treats—our Indian Empire. It is indeed one of those strange facts which can hardly be reconciled to reason, the comparatively small interest which distance causes us to take in that mighty wonder. Few persons, except for the sake of relatives in that country, ever think of India, its wars, its political greatness, its unparalleled situation. We trust that Sir John Malcolm's book will have the effect of attracting a more decided attention to what merits attention so much.

A noble Map is prefixed to the first volume, and the author's opportunities for forming it, as well as describing the country and its inhabitants, are briefly recited in the Preface.

"In January 1818 the author was placed by the Marquis of Hastings in the military and political charge of Central India; and during the four years he filled that station, his own attention, and that of the able public officers under his authority, was directed to the object of collecting materials for the illustration of its past and present condition."

"Notwithstanding this advantage, the author has found his task much more difficult than he had anticipated; and he almost decries of attracting general readers to a work, which, although it contains much new and interesting matter, is necessarily filled with names harsh and unpleasant to an Englishman's ear, and fatiguing to his memory. He has, however, endeavoured to obviate this serious objection, by throwing many of the unavoidable minute details into the notes, and transferring others to a very full Appendix and comprehensive Index. But, after all, these volumes must derive their chief merit from the collection of facts illustrative of the genuine history and character of the natives of India, and from the fiscal and statistical information they contain."

This promise is more than realized. The work commences with a general view of the region which "comprises territory from twenty-one to twenty-five degrees North lat., and from seventy-three to eighty East long.; or from Chittore in Mewar North to the Taptee river South, and from Bandelkund East to Guzerat West."

Among its principal cities is one whose name affords a curious illustration of native superstitions:

"Nolye was built by Raja Nol, or Nowul. Its modern appellation of Barnuggur has its origin in a strange vulgar superstition of names of bad omen, which must not be pro-

nounced before the morning meal. The city is called either Nolye or Barnuggur, according to the hour in which its mention becomes necessary."

The early history of Malwa brings before us some striking characteristics of the Rajpoot princes.

"Many of the tribes in that province boast their descent from the celestial Ramchunder, and are consequently termed the children of the Sun; while others trace to Pooravisee, and deem themselves descendants of the Moon. Some writers, however, deny their title even to the rank of Khetri, that race being, according to them, extinct in this yug or age; but the power the Rajpoots have long enjoyed, has obtained them the highest estimation. They were, to use a metaphorical and flattering phrase of their countrymen, the sword of the Hindu faith. It was not easy to subdue such men; for, though broken by their own dissensions, before and after the Mahomedan invasion, into a thousand petty states, almost every one of which was an object of contest between brothers, yet still every individual was a soldier, who preferred death to disgrace; and though reduced to be the servant, scorned to be the slave of any monarch upon earth. They were taught their duties from their most sacred works. In one, the demigod Krishna, speaking to Arjoon, observes, 'A soldier of the Khetri tribe hath no superior duty to fighting. Soldier, who art the favourite of God, engage in such a battle as this; if thou art slain, thou wilt obtain heaven; if victorious, thou wilt enjoy a world!'"

The Mahomedans did prove victorious, however; but the Moghul empire in turn fell before the predatory power of the Mahrattas.

"Almost all English readers are familiar with the name of Sevajee, the founder of the Mahratta empire, who, in A.D. 1646, was encouraged by the weakness of the Mahomedan sect to rebel. In 1674 he declared himself independent; and when he died, in 1682, he had established his authority over the greatest part of the Concan, a country which lies between the great range of hills which bounds the Deccan on the West and the sea-coast, and is now under the Bombay government."

In our day, Sindia and Holkar have made the greatest efforts to extend and consolidate this Hindu power; the Peishwa being reduced to a puppet. Of these characters and their families, Sir J. M. gives us ample particulars. Holkar latterly became insane, and a new actor, Ameer Khan, played a prominent part. We extract a notice touching him:

"The dissolution of the Holkar state, the distractions that prevailed in the government of Sindia, the seditious spirit evinced by many of the Nizam's subjects, combined with the large army under Ameer Khan (whose reputation was now at its zenith), led to a very general conclusion, that he cherished plans of restoring the Mahomedan power; and there can be no doubt that had he been a man of great talent, either as a statesman

or military commander, the period was most favourable; but there is every ground to believe that he at no time seriously entertained any such designs. His Patans were continually exclaiming, that the prediction of a holy mendicant, that he would be sovereign of Delhi, was nearly accomplished; but he does not appear to have encouraged such expressions or sentiments; and not only professed to act in the name of Holkar, but never took one step towards establishing any power beyond that of the leader of a predatory army, which it was his object to keep together, and subsist, by every means that the prevailing anarchy placed within his power.

"After Ameer Khan returned from Nag-poor, and relieved Jeswant Row and his family from Dherma Kowur, he became the chief actor in a tragedy, in which a good end was obtained by a deed which revolts every feeling of humanity. A reconciliation between the Rajas of Jeypoor and Joudpoor was an object of just and wise policy; and it suited the views of the Patan chief to promote its accomplishment. It was proposed, that this should be effected by a double marriage. Jugguth Singh was to espouse the daughter of Maun Singh, and the latter the sister of his rival and enemy. To propitiate these nuptials, it was conceived that the honour of all parties required the death of Kishen Kowur, the princess of Odeypoor. The question of this sacrifice was agitated when Ameer Khan was at Odeypoor, and that chief urged it strongly on the counselors of the Prince, representing the difficulty of establishing peace while the cause of the war existed, and then pointing out the impossibility, without offending the two most powerful Rajpoot rulers in India, of giving his daughter to any other chief. To these he added arguments well suited to the high, though mistaken, pride of a Rajpoot, regarding the disgrace of having in his family an unmarried daughter. It is stated, and for the honour of human nature let us believe it, that neither arguments nor threats could induce the father to become the executioner of his child, or even to urge her to suicide; but his sister, Chand Bhye, was gained to the cruel cause of policy, and she presented the chalice to Kishen Kowur, intreating her to save her father, family, and tribe, from the struggles and miseries to which her high birth and evil destiny exposed them. The appeal was not in vain: she drank three poisoned cups, and before she took the last, which proved instantly fatal, she exclaimed, 'This is the marriage to which I was foredoomed.' All were acquainted with what was passing in the palace; and the extraordinary beauty and youth of the victim excited a feeling, which was general in a degree that is rare among the inhabitants of India. This account is written from the report of several persons who were on the spot, and they agree in stating that the particulars of Kishen Kowur's death were no sooner spread through

the town of Odeypoor than loud lamentations burst from every quarter, and expressions of pity at her fate were mingled with execrations on the weakness and cowardice of those who could purchase safety on such terms. In a short period after this tragical event, the public feeling was again excited by the death of the mother of the princess, who never recovered the shock she received at the first intelligence of the fate of her beautiful and cherished daughter. If it is to the disgrace of the nobility of Odeypoor that one of them (Adjeit Singh, a man of high rank, who possessed unbounded influence over the mind of his prince) proved base enough to act throughout as the instrument of Ameer Khan, the character of this proud race was redeemed by the conduct of Sugwan Singh, chief of Karradur, who, the moment he heard of the proceedings in the palace, hastened from his residence to Odeypoor, and dismounting from a breathless horse, went unceremoniously into the presence of his prince, whom he found seated with several of his ministers in apparent affliction. 'Is the princess dead or alive?' was his impatient interrogation: to which, after a short pause, Adjeit Singh replied by intreating him 'not to disturb the grief of a father for a lost child.' The old chief immediately unbuckled his sword, which, with his shield, he laid at the feet of the Maha Rana, saying, in a calm but resolute tone, 'My ancestors have served yours for more than thirty generations, and to you I cannot utter what I feel; but these arms shall never more be used in your service. As to you, villain!' he exclaimed, turning to Adjeit Singh, 'who have brought this ignominy upon the Rajpoot name, may the curse of a father light upon you! may you die childless!' He retired from the assembly, leaving, according to the account of those that were present, an impression of awe and horror in the minds of all who heard him. Sugwan Singh lived for eight years after this occurrence; but, though he continued in his allegiance, he never could be prevailed upon to resume his arms. The last child of Adjeit Singh died a short time ago, and the event was deemed by the superstitious Rajpoots a fulfilment of the curse that had been pronounced upon him. He maintained his influence over the mind of his weak prince till very lately, when he was disgraced, to the joy of the inhabitants of Odeypoor, who continued to consider him as the chief cause of the self-murder of their regretted princess."

With this we must conclude for the present: feeling it quite impossible, in one paper, to do any thing like justice to this full and excellent work.

Don Juan, Cantos IX. X. XI. 18mo. pp. 72. London 1823. J. Hunt.

WERE we the Alexander of criticism, we should be much inclined to treat Lord Byron as the Macedonian did Aristobolus: we would throw his Cantos into our Hydaspes the Thames, and exclaim, "Were it not a meritorious action, my Lord, to throw thee in after them?"

But his Lordship is more than doubly armed against the shafts of censure; for, according to the newspapers, he has taken three helmets with him to Greece, crested and plumed, as if he knew his head to be of the weakest kind. Sincerely do we hope that the Turks won't catch him for a catastrophe like that of the

"good Jean Bon St. André," who preceded his Lordship in interference with their political affairs: they

"Strangled him while he prated."

The rapidity with which these three great divisions have followed their three fourpenny predecessors (1s. the lot) is not to be received as a proof of fertile genius; for our readers were informed by the *Lit. Gaz.* many months ago, that there was a cargo of five or six cantos in London earnestly seeking for a publisher. Mr. Murray had cried "Hold, enough;"—they were not in Mr. Hatchard's line of political pamphlet;—

Respectable publishers were all shy,
And the less pilfering fry
Would either not do, or would not try.

One cannot write about this poetical Lord without gliding into triplets. But now, for the new "cargo of Don Juan, in plain prose; not unlike itself. Nor shall we trouble our readers with any length of review. Lord Byron's name now commands no respect; and we know not that it would be any excuse for us that the low blackguard filth and indecency through which we travelled were the off-scourings of a highly-elevated station. When a nobleman adopts the style of a porter in which to utter the sentiments of a baggio, as the king says in Hamlet, his "offence is rank."

These cantos set out with a miserable tirade against the Duke of Wellington and Waterloo; and if the author is guilty of his usual crime of plagiarism in them, it is in borrowing the scurrilous trash of the lowest factions newspapers. This he has done so vilely, that we have more than once laid down our pen and seriously asked, "Can this man be sane?" We declare solemnly, after the perusal of this new publication, the conviction of our mind is that he is not. The whole composition is so utterly contemptible and incoherent, so disgustingly vulgar and obscene, so wandering in a metaphysical cloud of scepticism, and so destitute of any thing like a comprehensive or correct idea, so pointless and unpoetical, that it seems impossible that Lord Byron, fallen as we have seen him, can be at the same time in his senses and the author. This opinion is calculated to soften criticism.

The opening stanza is the wittiest we have met with:

Oh, Wellington! (or "Vilainton"—for Fame
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways;
France could not even conquer your great name,
But punned it down to this facetious phrase—
Beating or beaten she will laugh the same)
You have obtained great pensions and much
Glory like yours should any dare gainsay, [praise;
Humanity would rise, and thunder "Nay!"

Do not our readers agree with us, that a nobleman like Lord Byron to indite such stuff must be insane. To show that his poetry is equal to his humour, we also quote one of the most laboured passages: compare it with any of his best early efforts in the same style—the address to the skull, the comparison of Greece to a corpse, &c.

* We call it new, because it will be so to all the world, though long extracts have appeared in a Sunday newspaper, the Examiner. What a proof it is of the deadness of Lord Byron's Muse, that not a London or provincial paper has seen or thought it worth while to copy these passages. This fact speaks volumes.

"† Query—Nay? Printer's devil."

Death laughs—Go ponder o'er the skeleton
With which men image out the unknown thing,
That hides the past world, like to a set sun
Which still elsewhere may rouse a brighter
spring—

Death laughs at all you weep for;—look upon
This hourly dread of all! whose threatened sting
Turns life to terror, even though in its sheath:
Mark! how its lipless mouth grins without
breath!

Mark! how it laughs and scorns at all you are!
And yet was what you are: from ear to ear
It laughs not—there is now no fleshy bar

So called; the Antic long hath ceased to hear,
But still he smiles; and whether near or far
He strips from man that mantle (far more dear
Than even the tailor's) his incarnate skin,
White, black, or copper—the dead bones will grin.

And thus Death laughs,—it is sad merriment,
But still it is so; and with such example
Why should not Life be equally content

With his Superior, in a smile to trample
Upon the nothings which are daily spent
Like bubbles on an ocean much less ample
Than the eternal deluge, which devours
Suns as rays—worlds like atoms—years like hours?

Shall we proceed (as well here as any
where) with the continuation; a jumble of
grossness and nonsense, that needs no comment:

"To be or not to be? that is the question,"
Says Shakespeare, who just now is much in
I am neither Alexander nor Hephæstion, [fashion,
Nor ever had for abstract fame much passion;
But would much rather have a sound digestion,
Than Buonaparte's cancer:—could I dash on
Through fifty victories to shame or fame,
Without a stomach—what were a good name?

"Oh dura ilia messorum!" "Oh
Ye rigid guts of reapers!" I translate
For the great benefit of those who know
What indigestion is—that inward fate
Which makes all Styx through one small liver flow.

A peasant's sweat is worth his Lord's estate:
Let this one toil for bread—that rack for rent,
He who sleeps best, may be the most content.

"To be or not to be?"—Ere I decide,
I should be glad to know that which is being?
'Tis true we speculate both far and wide,
And deem, because we see, we are all-seeing:
For my part, I'll enlist on neither side,
Until I see both sides for once agreeing.

For me, I sometimes think that Life is Death,
Rather than Life a mere affair of breath.

"Que sçais-je?" was the motto of Montaigne,
As also of the first Academicians;
That all is dubious which man may attain,
Was one of their most favourite positions.
There's no such thing as certainty, that's plain
As any of mortality's conditions;
So little do we know what we're about in
This world, I doubt if doubt itself be doubting.

It is a pleasant voyage perhaps to float,
Like Pyrrho, on a sea of speculation;
But what if carrying sail capsize the boat?

Your wise men don't know much of navigation;
And swimming long in the abyss of thought
Is apt to tire: a calm and shallow station
Well nigh the shore, where one stoops down and
gathers

Some pretty shell, is best for moderate bathers.

"But Heaven," as Cassio says, "is above all,—
No more of this then, let us pray!" We have
Souls to save, since Eve's slip and Adam's fall,

Which tumbled all mankind into the grave, [fall
Besides fish, beasts, and birds. "The Sparrow's
Is special providence," though how it gave

Offence we know not; probably it perched
Upon the tree which Eve so fondly searched.

Surely we should deserve ill of the public were we to sicken it with much of such raving folly. There is very little of Juan in these parts. He goes to Russia, and is licentiously made a favourite of the Empress's—a subject described with so many of those brutal allusions which might be expected among mean profligates in a drunken night-house, that we are astonished at the want of taste and common decency as much as at the want of morality and common sense. He is then dispatched to England, and comes to London; and this is all the story, on which is strung a row of grievances, political reasoning and equally interesting themes, which might have passed for what they are eight or ten months ago when written, but which are now as completely put out of date by events as if they had never existed. "The famishing nation" was an epithet for the period of agricultural distress (for instance,) but who but a blind idiot would use the phrase at present?

For the reasons adduced we shall now very shortly dismiss this farrago of vice, of drivelling sensuality, of brutal insensibility and of worthless poetry. Our examples to justify such censure shall be as brief as possible.

The Almighty and the most sacred subjects are thus treated:—

On her [Nature's] canals, where God takes sea and
Fishery and farm, both into his own hand. [land,
At least he pays no rent, and has best right
To be the first of what we used to call
"Gentlemen Farmers"—

If it be Chance; or if it be according

To the old Text, still better:—*Just* it should
Turn out so, we'll say nothing 'gainst the wording.
As several people think such hazards rude.
They're right; our days are too brief for affording
Space to dispute what no one ever could
Decide, and *every body one day* will
Know very clearly—or at least lie still.

And therefore will I leave off metaphysical

Discussion, which is neither here nor there:

If I agree that what is, is; then this I call

Being quite perspicuous and extremely fair.

The truth is, I've grown lately rather phisical:

I don't know what the reason is—the air

Perhaps; but as I suffer from the shocks

Of illness, I grow much more orthodox.

The first attack at once proved the Divinity;

(But that I never doubted, nor the Devil;)

The next, the Virgin's mystical virginity;

The third, the usual Origin of Evil;

The fourth at once established the whole Trinity

On so uncontrovertible a level,

That I devoutly wished the Three were Four,

On purpose to believe so much the more.

The obscenities we cannot quote: there are fifty passages which none but the vulgarst ruffians in London would repeat, and the poem is so full of them, that no two pages could be copied without violating every decorous or proper feeling.

We are told a falsehood, by way of apology to an indignant world, for the unmanly way he has spoken of Lord Castlereagh; and the falsehood is, that the expressions were used before that nobleman's deplorable death. This is baser than using the expressions: one of them (p. 40) is "Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh."

But we have no more time to waste on this wretched mixture of every thing that is wicked and silly. Egotism, slang, not one

particle of talent, doggrel throughout, and such mental beauties as we have exhibited, are the sole component recommendations of a production which would debase a felon and disgrace a dungeon. Never was there such an insult offered to the understandings and good feelings of mankind.

An Essay on the History and Theory of Music; and on the Qualities, Capabilities, and Management of the Human Voice. By I. Nathan, Author of the Hebrew Melodies, &c. 4to. pp. 230. London 1823. Whittakers.

To his very excellent instructions in music, Mr. Nathan has added an equally amusing and well written essay on that delightful science. Of the practical part we shall only say, few lessons will be more beneficial to the young scholar; but from the theoretical part, we take the liberty to select a few quotations, which we trust will be entertaining as a cento of musical anecdote. The commencement is given to statements of the love and influence of music among the ancients, which is followed by like instances of its effect on the moderns. We must own, its power seems to have been far greater in former times than in these degenerate days. Many reasons may account for this: civilization refines the feelings too much to allow of their being easily excited; violent emotions are in polished society so repressed by its rules, so ascribed to either folly or affectation, if displayed, that, among *des gens comme il faut*, ever on their guard against being singular, enthusiasm can never, or very rarely be felt:—it was never meant for the drawing-room! Music, besides, is associated with very different feelings among the moderns to those over which it exerted its power among the ancients. With them it was a religious ceremony, a part of every national festival; it was connected with all that was pure, solemn, and noble—sacred to their gods, and their heroes! Music is now but an elegant science, an accomplishment for young ladies, inseparably connected, in the higher and middling circles, with rival and singing misses, frowning mammas (if a squalling shake is interrupted by a whisper) of affected taste, ennui, and guinea tickets of solemn Germans and cringing Italians, who grow fat on the spoils of folly, and laugh at their feeders. It is not among the most skilled that we are to look for the intense feeling of music; it is among those with whom it is remembered with the dreams of their youth, whose song of their childhood is cherished in their heart of hearts, that we shall find its most potent effects. Mr. Nathan is, however, at once a master and an enthusiast in his art, he records every instance of its power, believing "each strange tale devoutly true:" he is the very man to have exclaimed, on hearing a Handel or a Mozart, "And I too am a Musician." From his many anecdotes, we select the following:

"A singer of celebrity, held in abhorrence by his brethren for the libertinism of his principles, was officiating in the synagogue as *Shamir* (singer;) when the high priest, who had been the most vehement against him for his misdemeanors, was so struck by the sweetness of his voice and particular expression, that, forgetting where he was, he exclaimed in an audible voice, 'Favoured of heaven, happiness must be thy lot hereafter, though crime has marked thy course on earth.'

"There is a similar incident related of Mrs. Cibber, the celebrated actress, who, it is said, when in Dublin singing at an orato-

rio of the *Messiah*, so struck a certain bishop with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying, loud enough to be heard by numbers round him, 'Woman, thy sins be forgiven thee!'

"When Madame Mara was in her zenith, a certain nobleman took his daughter to hear her sing; the young lady, rapt in breathless attention, with her arms partly extended, continued standing, as if fascinated to the spot, after the song *Holy Lord God Almighty* was concluded, until roused by some persons in the next box, who were not quite so sensible of the power of sweet sounds, and were ill-naturedly animadverting on Mara's tumbled gauze and dirty lustrings; when, turning round suddenly, with an indignant look at them, she exclaimed, 'She will go to heaven for all that, to sing hallelujah.'—

"The story of Stradella, composer to the Opera, at Venice, whom Purcell is reported to have taken for his model, is too well known to need narrating in full.—On Stradella's flight with the fair Hortensia, they took refuge in Rome. The noble Venetian, with whom she had resided while taking lessons of Stradella, enraged at their perfidy, hired assassins, to destroy them. For some time the Bravoes' search was unavailing; but at length they discovered that Stradella was to give an oratorio of his own composition at the church of San Giovanni Laterano. Thither they repaired with the determination of assassinating both him and his mistress as they left the church; but the beauty of the music, joined to the expressive manner of Stradella's singing, caused compassion to enter where he had never been before, and *Murder*, melted by music, forsook her prey. Following Stradella from the church, the Bravoes confessed their errand, and the miracle his performance had caused.—

"The relative of a friend of mine, having been ordered to Devonshire for the benefit of his health, used frequently to ride out in the evening. One night as he passed a lone house, his attention was drawn towards it by sounds of such dulcet melody, that his heart became captive through his ears, and, without seeing the fair siren, he was 'full fathom five' in love: he never rested till he obtained an introduction; his offers were accepted, and they married. But, alas! for the waywardness of the human heart! But a short time elapsed, ere they separated, and, for fifteen years, were ignorant of each other's pursuits. Business called him into Scotland, where his ear, when least expected, caught the sound of that voice which had formerly made so deep an impression. The affection, which had slumbered so long, revived with fresh ardour; the hour of the evening, the similarity of situation, and the same melody, were coincidences that struck forcibly on his heart: repentant, and trembling with emotion, he rushed into the apartment where she was, and renouncing his errors, implored her forgiveness; a reconciliation followed, and the renewal of their affection was permanent and unabated."

In the form of his book we think Mr. Nathan has been less judicious than in its composition. To some, his Essay on Music would be most interesting to whom his Lessons are useless, while its union with them renders the book too expensive for many of the learners who are to derive the principal benefit: this is but a hint, and we sincerely wish the author the success his ably constructed work deserves.

The Celt's Paradise. In four Duans. By John Banim, author of "Damon and Pythias."
8vo. pp. 122. London 1822. J. Warren.
THERE is a fate in all things, say the Turks: and shall we ascribe to this predestinating principle our having left the Celt's Paradise so long unenjoyed? or shall we subscribe to Madame Sevigné's theory, that our intentions are continually thwarted by a set of little demons who hover around us, making our actions their sport? However, better late than never, and never too late, quo' two old proverbs; and backed by such grave authorities, we shall not think it too late to say that the Celt's Paradise is a very sweet and graceful little poem. The subject is an adventure of Ossian's youth, which he relates to St. Patrick, to the great annoyance of that worthy apostle, notwithstanding his conviction that the time would have been much better employed in psalm-singing; but he is bribed by the ancient bard (who seems, like many of our modern ones, to think if he can but get a listener, no matter who that listener is,) promising that

If thou wilt but list my lay,
A double penance will I say
For this upon my shriving day.

Thus founded on an old tradition, which makes Ossian a native of Ireland, and, when left the last of his race, converted to Christianity by Saint Patrick, the Bard relates that in his youth a lady huntress passed him in the chase, whose beauty induced him to follow her, till his steed sank exhausted. He finds a couch beneath the greenwood tree; but his sleep is interrupted by the huntress, who thus answers his invocation:

"Son of Earth," a small voice said,
So soft it might be the west wind
Murmuring thro' a garden bed,
And fraught with feeling, heart and mind,
And lip, and language, to declare
Its love for any floweret fair—
"Son of Earth! thy sigh is vain,
'Till thou canst join our hunting train,
Free from earthly touch and stain.
And if thou hast wish to hunt with me,
Three days shalt thou silent be—
Three days and nights thou shalt not sleep—
Nor sigh, nor smile—nor laugh, nor weep—
Nor warm thy wish with earthly food—
Nor slake thy thirst with earthly flood.
When thou dost this for love of me,
Again sleep under the wild-wood tree,
And pleasant shall thy waking be."

"Child of the breeze!—where—who art thou?
Let me see thy lovely brow!"

"Viewless I am, and must be, till
Thy three days task thou dost fulfil.
I am of the people of the hill—
A Sidheé spirit pure and free,
From all the cares that cumber thee.
I live in a land where the blushing light
Is always constant, calm and bright;
Grief is not there, nor age, nor death,
But evergreen youth, and endless breath,
And life that tires not with the living,
And love that loathes not with the giving.
Stern sons of men who struggling die,
In Virtue's cause, or Freedom's high,
Come there across the waste of water,
Guided by a Sidheé's daughter;
And live at leisure calm and free,
To follow what their wish may be.
Son of Finn! couldst thou forsake
The hills that now thy pleasure make,
Defying death, and the care and pain
That here for thy old white hairs remain,

And come to live with love and me,
In such a land of liberty?"

After two vain attempts to keep strictly the terms proposed,

----- at length he brought
The unstained lip the spirit sought,
and she bears him through the air,—a flight
described with much fancy, till

And now we are in her land of love,
With a light below and a sky above,
And such a breathing life around,
And such a mingling of soft sound,
I have no words to tell the thought
With which my fainting soul is fraught!—
And if I had what pulse could beat,
What bright'ning brow could flush with heat,
And give the smile to the bard so dear,
And only age and coldness here?—
Ask me if the flowers were fair—
Ask me if the sighing air
Was soft and pleasant—I will say
Thou think'st but of an earthly day,
And earthly flowers, and air, and skies,
And mak'st with them my Paradise!—
But seek not on cold and earthly things
To fetter thy imaginings,
If thou wouldst wish one glimpse to win
Of that pure heaven I have been in—
Lie on the green hill's sunny side,
And listen to the dashing tide—
Let the flowers be blushing nigh thee,
And lay thy harp in slumbers by thee,
Save that now and then thy finger
On some small chord will love to linger,
Which, chance and fancy half inspiring,
Thy softened soul is gently firing—
Then while the evening-beam blushes red,
And the high grass is waving o'er thy head,
And thine eyes are half closed in the rosy light,
And thy thoughts within are sparkling bright,
Then mayst thou image some floating scene,
Like that lovely land where I have been!

Yet it wanted not its own wild hill,
The spreading tree and the silver rill—
The silent lake—the stretching shore,
And the hoarseness of the torrent's roar—
Scenes which the true bard loves to see,
Whether on earth or in heaven he be.
And ever its gentle rivers glided
Thro' fields of flowers, which they divided,
As the minstrel-measure parts in song
The flowers his fancy strays among—
And its small flowers were always fair,
And soft to the touch as summer air—
Their only business was to live,
And to the breeze their perfumes give,
And in return the breezes crept
Into their bosoms while they slept,
And left them all the sweets they found
In their flight the world around.

There are some fine pictures introduced of the inhabitants of this Paradise: the hero, "whose death wound was turned to a star on his breast,"—the bard, whose song awakened his country from the lethargy of slavery,—the father and his daughter, and others that follow, are all delightful.

And yet beneath that happy sky
Was heard one ever-during sigh,
One heart of sadness there was known,
One voice of sorrow wept alone,
And o'er that Paradise it would break,
Like a single tear on a sunny cheek.

As the history of this mourner leads to the catastrophe, we shall quote it at length:

"Ossian, thou wert my soul's first sight,
My virgin heart's idolatry!
I saw thee in thy father's hall,
The fairest there, the first of all:

The softest voice of sounding song,
The bravest in the battle throng,
The rosiest cheek, the richest smile,
That lighted up our own green ile.
I saw thee, but alone I stood
In my young heart's widowhood;
I was too lowly ever to be
A beam of loveliness to thee;
Yet like the flower I looked upon
My own loved light where'er it shone,
'Till it had scorched my leaves at last,
And left them withering in the blast!

"It was my spring—my budding hour—
And in thy smile my heart was born,
And for thy sake it got the power
Of loving in that maiden morn;
But when it loved too long and lone,
And had no hope of love from thee,
Still like the flower when the light is gone,
It shut its leaves and would not be.
No colder smile—no moonshine glow,
Might ever waken it from its woe!—"

"I was the most forsaken one
That walk'd and wept beneath the sun!—
The virgin stream—the first fond gush
My young heart gave, it could not rush
Forth and rejoice, but backward crept,
And in the poor heart's silence slept,
Sickening in its own repose,
Like dull deep water that never flows.
My youth was joyless—and my fate,
I thought it dark and desolate,
As if thy own harp all forsaken
Lay silent and untouched by thee,
For no other hand could waken
Its neglected harmony!—"

"One wish I had. It was to take
My death from him I loved so well—
My heart was breaking and would break,
Ere words or sighs its tale might tell;
But rather than live 'till it grew dark
In its own helplessness, I sought
His shining sword, to strike one spark
Of feeling thro' it: I recked not
If pain or pleasure—and in the flame
Which from that spark all quickly came,
I thought it would be bliss to burn,
And into dull cold ashes turn!"

"I thought from him who bade me cease
To love, such recompense were due—
I thought that he who killed my peace,
Should kill my mind and memory too!—"

"I had my wish!—The battle came—
The blazing sun flung forth its flame—
The Fenii went to quell the pride
Of Morni's host—that evening tide
I grasped a spear—thy foeman's crest
My flushed and throbbing forehead prest,
And I felt no fear!—A warrior boy,
So young, thou scarcely couldst destroy,
Came out to brave thee from the crowd,
Like a faint flash from a tempest-cloud—
Thy sword descended on my breast,
And I thought I had my pleasant rest.
"But here on this bright shore I woke,
To weep for thee and love thee still—
Thy sword my young life's vision broke,
My memory it could not kill!—
Alas for the Celtic hero's inconstancy! or as
he says—"

Beauty!—The bard's eternal theme,
His long, long sigh, his ceaseless dream,
His hope, his virtue, and his sin,
The breath that brings him life within!—
To bask an hour, bright beam, in thee,
How have I darkened my destiny,

When it was shining clear and calm,
And dared to be the thing I am!
With thee my life wove all its flowers,
For thee my eyes shed all their showers,
For thee I left my field of fame,
And riaked a dear and deathless name—
For thee I gave up my world to brave
The rushing wind and roaring wave,
In my Paradise I forgot,
Its flowers for thee, and loved them not;
For thee my sin was unforgiven,
And I left my earth, and lost my heaven!

Lost it is, and banishment to earth instantly succeeds his faithlessness to the lady hystress, and concludes the poem. Our praise has been already largely given; and the fault which we must now find is that of occasional affectation of simile, epithet, and language; such a simile as

Her arms cros't o'er it, like a braid
Of white flowers o'er a lambkin,
when speaking of a mother holding her child; such an epithet as "Lady of kisses;" such phrases as "the glance she sent on me in my astonishment," "I said in the strength of my young heart's sigh," and "Nor warm thy wish with earthly food," appear to us little short of farfetched absurdity. But these are a young writer's faults, and the faults of youth are soon corrected; poetry is like a pretty woman, spoil by affectation; both its beauty and its grandeur depend on its simplicity, and the oracle which was given to Cicero should be the golden rule of all poets, "*Follow Nature*." We are glad to see Mr. Banim sport that so desired trophy of modern writers, who, unlike the bards of old, stamp not their fame by the number of their laurels, but by that of their editions; he is in the second heaven of an author, we heartily wish him admission to the third.

The Academicians of 1823; or, The Greeks of the Palais Royal, and the Clubs of St. James's. By Charles Persius, Esq. Garde Nationale de Paris. 12mo. pp. 456. London. Lawler & Quick.

Wise, by advertisements, that there is some squabbling between the author and publishers of this precious piece of catchpenny effrontery. Shakespeare tells us that friends now fast-sworn sometimes fall out about things not worth an egg; but we never knew any parties quarrel about the value of a rotten egg before.

To us, we acknowledge, the greater part of the modern Persius his pages are more incomprehensible than those of the confessedly obscure and difficult Roman satirist, his namesake and, we presume, progenitor. The title is a trumpety bait to catch gulls: the book itself a stupid, impertinent, and foolish farraço, apparently the ebullition of private feelings, and connected with personal transactions, about which the public cannot care a single doit. It is not even enlivened with those sorts of scandalous anecdotes connected with gaming, which might have given it some bad attractions: but long dissertations on the Doctrine of Chances from Rees' Cyclopaedia, absurd Epistles to some Police Count or other about unintelligible and unworthy disputes, extracts from Acts of Parliament against unlawful games, copies of trials from the Newspapers, and other equally interesting and strange matters fill up the volume, in spite of its fallacious title. In short, any black-guard acquainted with the gambling shops of Paris, and the common rumours about the London Hells, instead of so high

an authority as a *Garde Nationale*, might have put together this paltry work.

The author, however, displays one good quality: he abhors the vice of gaming, and we dare say has good reasons for his antipathy, though he is not fortunate in his literary endeavour at expressing them. In this he resembles a person who has lost at play, and who can only stamp, swear, and blaspheme, without the power of describing in a neat style what is the matter with him. We participate in his feelings: but then gaming is so universal a passion that we don't know how to remedy it. Our legislators have wisely and virtuously abolished Lotteries; so that nobody can be ruined now by purchasing *Sixteenths* and *Eighths* of capital prizes. Bish is dumb, Goodluck past, Carter's wheels are stopped, Carrol sings small, Swift gets on slowly, Hazard at an end, all the race of Contractors contracted, and the Revenue diminished to the tune of some million a year on scheme and advertising duties. But this is an ennobling individual and national sacrifice; for the propensity to gaming has been transferred into French and German Lotteries, and the tickets of Paris and Frankfurt are now an important article of speculation in the money markets of Britain!! Of course the profits, like a scapegoat, carry off the sin, and France and Germany must look to the consequences with the cash.

Besides, all savages are addicted to gaming. Ought an enlightened people to act like savages? Why are not cards abolished, and dice destroyed? Let Persius set about this reformation of our habits. Perish short whist, and long live morality; let round games be banished from every juvenile circle, let every die die, and let the innocent amusements of push-pin divert the old, while the youthful are engaged in hunting the slipper; yea, let Cross-purposes be introduced as a variety, and What is my thought like? as a rational recreation. For, says Mr. Persius, against the wickedness of play,—

"It were much to be wished that his Majesty, George IV. would cause this *branding system* to be commenced in his kingdom."—Meaning, as he informs us, thereby, being "forced to wear the *fillet of slavery*, with an appropriate mark to be branded with a hot iron on their (gamesters) foreheads"!!

And our ingenious author is equally incensed against horse-racing, which he denounces according to the statute 13 Geo. II. cap. 19, forgetting that the King absolutely gives cups and plates for their encouragement.

But it is a very sorry book indeed out of which something may not be picked, either amusing or useful; and in the face of Mr. Persius' exposition of the dangers attending games of chance, we shall adventure an extract or two from his work.

Describing the Parisian resorts for Play, he says—

"The Gambling House Bankers have the choice of weapons from a *vast arsenal* created by avarice, folly, and idleness. The Roulette, which amasses for them immense treasure, ought to be first mentioned; it is, in fact, a prompt murderer; irregular as all other Games of Hazard—rapid as lightning in its movements—its strokes succeed each other with an activity that redoubles the ardor of the player's blood, and often deprives him of the advantage of reflection. In fact, a man, after half an hour's play, who, for the night, may not have taken any thing stronger than water, has all the appearance of drunkenness!

"A chance which is irregularly repeated by each period of about eighteen strokes, gives to the banker the advantage of taking up one half the stakes, which pays all the expenses for the night. This game, above all, is ruinous to the working classes. It is there that the mechanic, attracted by a futile hope of benefit, comes to dissipate, in a few hours, the gain of many months' labour; and the young student, abandoning his useful avocations, apprentices himself to a vice which has the effect of stifling those talents that would otherwise have enabled him to pursue an honourable calling; and instead of a commendable subject, he becomes a dissipated husband, a bad father, an iniquitous judge, in a word, the most profligate of men.

"Close to this obnoxious table, we find that of *Passe-dix*, remarkable by the multitude of the chances which variegates its carpet. Pharo, celebrated in the annals of gambling by the ruin of thousands,—and another game, (the *Biribi*), of which the name Bizarre forms the burthen of some of the French old songs, also extends its baneful influence to the poorer class of society: the man who possesses even half a franc is permitted access to it. The *croupiers*, to whom the execution of the *Biribi* is confided, are employed at a very moderate salary. They appear always in a state approaching to poverty; this, with the dirty situation of the rooms—the dark and hideous aspect of the players and visitors—the indigent appearance of the instrument which serves to dispose of the chances, show that ruin is the inevitable associate of Gaming, at least of this species of it.

"In one of those houses where the game of *Kraps* (executed with three dice) is prolonged until morning, a new source of calamity is offered. There libertinism and the loss of fortune go hand in hand—the sounds of music, and dancing by women of pleasure, distract the unfortunate Gamester, who, in the desire of diverting himself from his despair by a carnal embrace, momentarily forgets his afflictions, and taking from his pocket his last half crown, throws it on the *arancious table*, to become the prey of those infamous bankers.

"The game of *Thirty-one* (*Rouge et Noir*) is perhaps susceptible of some calculation of probability. The chances which determine the advantage of the banker are repeated more rarely than those of any other games whatever. - - -

"The Gamesters by profession are haunted by a secret foreboding of their future destruction. They know they can well address the bankers by the same salutation as was made by the renowned Gladiator to the Emperor Claude, '*Morituri te salutant*.'—There is a particular resemblance of condition betwixt them and men destined to perish for the pleasures of their masters. There, by the side of a lucky player, who will not believe there is any misfortune near at hand, and who fatigues the rest by his gaiety, is seated the man who meditates a melancholy suicide. On each countenance may be read, a studied anxiety, discovering hope or fear. The first forms agreeable projects for the time to come; the second only sees misery and humiliation, of which his proud heart can scarcely support the reflection. - - -

"Fifteen hours a day at least are devoted to this barbarous occupation. During fifteen mortal hours, without ceasing, the voices of a thousand of those miserable *croupiers* proclaim the decree of Hazard, and the success

of divers chances. Two thousand unmerciful arms are elevated against the fortunes of confident dupes, and against those of children, whose innocence cannot foresee the impending calamity, and of creditors, who sleep under a fatal security. - - -

"An unfortunate idea of being possessed of superior knowledge in the combinations of different Games of Chance is fatal to most players; they are generally ruined by the three principal causes following:—

"1st. The inequality of the chances between them and the Bank.

"2dly. The immensity of the funds of the bankers, compared with those possessed by them.

"3dly. The ardour of Gamblers when losing, and their timidity when fortune favours them.

"We may divide the visitors of Gambling Houses into two classes, by which one is each day ruined to enrich the other. The bankers of this administration have on their side *Security, Fortune, and Gaiety*. They profess a secret contempt for their victims; a sentiment imbibed by those scoundrels from the examples daily presented to them, of men lowering themselves below the level of the brute. Frequently, many of those ruined Gamblers, after having been plundered of all their property by the establishment, are taken into its employ, at a stipulated salary. They are, in their turn, the instruments of the destruction of other players; resembling those *ghosts*, of which the admirable *Dante* speaks, who, having forfeited all their principles to their primitive state, are now occupied in tormenting those that the same faults have thrown into their revenging hands!"

In the highest and most fashionable saloons, where extravagant entertainments are provided gratis, and venal beauties haunt the scene—

"It is curious to see how the windows of the saloon (where the credulous assemble) are secured by bars of iron. A strong padlock is always attached to the door of the stove which warms the apartment, to prevent any attempt that the arm of vengeance might be roused to make, by drawing out the destructive element; and thus set fire to the whole fraternity at one blow! Besides these precautions, we observe below the Gambling Tables a screen, or strong inclosure, which renders the interior inaccessible to view, and against which the Player is seated, without the liberty of extending his legs and feet. The most particular inspection is made of his person by the banker's spies, and even his dress is strictly observed. He is obliged, before entering the saloon, to deposit his great coat and cane, which might, perchance, afford the introduction of some weapon; and the elegance of the covering will not save him from the humiliation of having it taken from him at the door.

"The attempts proceeding from despair, which have been made on the lives of those bankers, have established these precautions: indignities which are practised only in prisons, for the security of their unhappy inmates. It is certain, that Gamblers reduced to desperation, and on the eve of committing suicide, have conveyed into those places infernal machines with an intention of destroying the cruel plunderers and themselves in the same ruins. These acts of outrage and frenzy give an exact idea of those institutions denominated Public Gambling Houses."

The following note is also worth quoting:

"The English Gamblers at Paris can bear witness to this fact, most of them having been ruined, and plundered of all their property; of whom many have committed suicide. There are at this moment no fewer than one thousand of these unfortunates confined in prison for debts connected with Gaming."

With this warning to our travelling countrymen, who wish to pursue their travels beyond Paris, we fling our last stake on *Rouge et Noir*, or *Trent-un*: if thirty-one copies of it are sold, the author will gain more than we anticipate, and being *Couleur*, need not care for the *Inverse*; but much do we apprehend that he will find printing *noir*, and make but a bad business of his *coup* in that line.

Dictionnaire des Ouvrages anonymes et pseudonymes, composés, traduits, ou publiés en Français et en Latin, avec les noms des auteurs, traducteurs, et éditeurs; accompagnés de notes historiques et critiques, par M. Barbier, &c.

THE history of books is frequently more interesting than that of their authors; it is full of curious facts and amusing anecdotes, and is really an important branch of literary knowledge. There are certainly very few books which contain a greater number of such facts and anecdotes than this Dictionary. There are few questions in the anonymous part of bibliography which M. Barbier does not examine; and the curiosity of those who may have occasion to consult him will rarely be disappointed. However profound the mystery in which authors have sought to envelop themselves, they have found it difficult to escape the penetration of M. B., whether they have entirely suppressed their names, or lifted a corner of the veil by designating themselves by some initials, or by anagrams, so that their friends and their contemporaries might divine their secret, which would still remain impenetrable by posterity; or lastly, whether they have disguised themselves under false names, singular denominations, or fanciful allusions to their tastes or their professions, like the monk, who writing against Balzac, called himself *Phylarque*, (in Greek, Prince of Leaves,) because he was General of the order of the *Feuillans*!

It is evident that it must frequently be of great importance to know the author of a book, in order justly to appreciate its merits, or to be able to judge what degree of confidence it deserves. But even when it is of no use, all readers like to be informed whom they have to praise or blame for the pleasure or fatigue (as the case may be) which they have felt. This sentiment, though in a slighter degree, extends to deceased authors, and even the lapse of centuries cannot wholly extinguish it.

Did the Dictionary however contain only titles of books, dates of editions, and names of authors, it might be a very useful work, though it would certainly be a very dry one. But M. Barbier has connected with these a number of other matters, which frequently have so much interest, that a person who takes up his work to look for something which would not occupy a minute, is detained an hour by a variety of agreeable details which he did not seek.

Thus, for instance, the articles relative to the *Imitation of Jesus Christ* are full of curious details. We find that this celebrated work has had in France alone sixty-three translators, the last of whom is M. Genée, and among whom one of the most ancient, as well as one of the best, is Marillac, Keeper of the

Seals, who was beheaded under Cardinal Richelieu. The Abbé de Choisy, one of these translators, had given occasion to one of those literary anecdotes, invented by some wicked wit, which pass current because they are piquant and have a little dash of scandal in them; and which, thus gaining credit, easily pass for incontestable facts, unless laborious writers, like M. Barbier, went to their source and proved their falsehood. It was pretended, then, that the Abbé de Choisy had dedicated his translation of the *Imitation* to Madame de Maintenon, and that lady was represented in the frontispiece of the book, with this inscription, taken from Psalm xlv. 10, 11. *Audi, filia concipies rex decorem tuum*. Amelot de la Houssaye is the first who printed this story; Voltaire did not fail to adopt it, and related it, in his manner, in the *Siccle de Louis xiv.* D'Alembert amused the Academy with it in his *éloge* of the Abbé de Choisy; D'Olivet adopted it in his *History* of the Academicians; La Baumelle in the *History* of M^{me} de Maintenon. The Marquis d'Argenson quoted it in the work *Loisirs d'un Ministre*, ou *Essais dans le gout de ceux de Montaigne*. Gaillard buried it in the enormous compilation of the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*. It may well be imagined that after so many authorities, the Historical Dictionaries have adopted it in their columns. Thus we find it in the Dictionary of the Jansenist Barral, as well as in that of the Jesuit Feller, and even in that of the prudent and learned Chaudon.

But M. Barbier does not suffer himself to be deceived by the number, or awed by the splendour of authorities. On this occasion it was necessary to go back to the first edition of the Abbé de Choisy's translation. Amelot de la Houssaye pretended that the frontispiece and the inscription were omitted in the second and following editions. M. Barbier sought for fifteen years the first edition, which was published by Dezallier in 1692, and having found it, was convinced that the anecdote, as related by Voltaire, D'Alembert, and others, is one of those "printed falsehoods which the friends of truth should be ashamed of repeating." In fact this first edition is not dedicated to Madame de Maintenon; but to Louis xiv. himself; only at the head of the second book there is an engraving representing a woman kneeling before a crucifix; at her side are a great number of young girls sitting upon steps; at the bottom of the print there are two words only, *Audi, filia*. There is no doubt that this woman is Madame de Maintenon, surrounded by the young ladies of Saint Cyr, whom she is instructing. This edifying print, so naturally and so properly introduced, must have been the pretext for the story: some wicked wits completed the text by adding to the two Latin words, *Audi, filia*, the others, *concipies rex decorem tuum*, though in the sacred author they are separated by a whole phrase. This pleasantry, however, made noise enough to oblige the Abbé de Choisy to replace this engraving by another in the fourth edition, which was published in 1699. It is found in the second, and even in the third, which was published in 1694.

D'Alembert relates on this occasion, that when the daughter of Henry II., the unfortunate Elizabeth of France, went to be married to Philip II. of Spain, the Cardinal of Toledo applied to her the whole passage. "The unfortunate Princess, (adds he,) who understood Latin, and who married with repugnance the old and odious Spanish monarch, fell senseless into the arms of the Queen of

Navarre, who accompanied her." M. Barbier proves, by the authority of the contemporary historians, that the Queen of Navarre was not present at this ceremony, nor even in Spain; and that it was Anthony, king of Navarre, father of Henry IV. who accompanied the Princess: and as for the old and odious Spanish monarch, he was perhaps not very amiable, and might even be odious, but he was not old, being only thirty-three years of age.

The History of Tuscany, interspersed with Essays. By Lorenzo Pignotti. Translated from the Italian; with the Life of the Author, by John Browning. 4 vols. 8vo. London 1823. Black, Young, & Young. We think English literature much indebted to Mr. Browning for the very considerable accession of information which he has brought to its stores by the translation of this work. The unquestionable extent and variety of Pignotti's talents have acquired to him a high reputation in Italy; and the present History, which is his principal effort, bears evidence to his deep research and to the just conceptions which he had of men and things: unhappily it was a posthumous publication.

Pignotti was born in 1739. After completing the usual course of studies, he for some time exercised the profession of a physician at Florence; but finding this pursuit incompatible with his ardent devotion to literature, he relinquished it, and obtained first the Chair of Natural Philosophy at Florence, and afterwards that in the University of Pisa, where his Lectures are said to have been models of taste and erudition. As his years increased, infirmities grew on him; and to afford more leisure for the completion of his historical work, he was released from the labours of the Professorship, and promoted to the situation of Royal Historiographer; and finally, in 1807, obtained the highest post of literary dignity in Tuscany, being appointed Auditor of the Royal University of Pisa. He died in 1812.

The work before us is a comprehensive account of the Tuscan States, from the most remote period to which their history can be traced, to the erection of Tuscany into a Duchy, penetrating as far into the ages of obscurity as the glimmering and sometimes false lights of the earlier authors will permit. Of the Etruscans, however, but little is known with certainty prior to the rise of the Romans; and soon after the power of that warlike people had been somewhat cemented, Etruria became a part of their dominions. The historian pursues the Etruscan annals through the prosperity to the final ruin of the Roman power, when arose the little republics which subsequently flourished about her remains. In these territories the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Bianchi and the Neri, the French, the Austrian, and the Spanish factions, afford ample themes for the vicissitudes of the historic page,—a page ever stained with blood, and little more than a record of foreign wars and domestic feuds. Accustomed to the gigantic struggles of later days, it must be owned we can hardly survey the pigny efforts of the rival states of Florence, Sienna, and Pisa, without a strong feeling of their littleness; but in these volumes, as a relief to the detailed miseries of war and bloodshed, some of the most splendid names connected with literature and the arts are emblazoned,—the names of geniuses whose works enrich all Europe, and whose powerful minds and con-

summate talents do honour to civilized nature. From the military exploits and warlike enterprises of Castruccio of Lucca, and Ugucione of Faggiola, we turn with pleasure to the fine taste and splendid liberality of the Medici; and the treacheries and follies of the factions which from time to time desolated this lovely country, are in some degree compensated by the immortal poets, painters, and architects, to whom that country has given birth.

In addition to the mere historical part of the work, are interspersed Essays on the Art of War in the lower Ages; on the Origin and Progress of the Italian Language; on the Revival of the Sciences and Letters; on the Commerce of the Tuscans; and on the State of Sciences, Letters, and Arts at the End of the 15th and Beginning of the 16th Centuries. These are extremely well written, and reflect the highest credit on the talents and attentive observation of the author. They are however much too long to be copied in our Journal; and upon a perusal of the Essays, we think they would be weakened by any extract. With our best thanks, therefore, to Mr. Browning for the able manner in which he has executed the toilsome and arduous task of a translator, and for the satisfaction which he has afforded us in the perusal of these volumes, we take our leave of the work.

LAS CASES' JOURNAL.—PARTS VII. & VIII.

In continuation of our notice of this work, we begin by extracting a passage on which much might be written—

—“When speaking of the wonders of his life, and the vicissitudes of his fortune, the Emperor remarked that he ought to have died at Moscow; because, at that time, his military glory had experienced no reverse; and his political career was unexampled in the history of the world. He then drew one of those rapid and animating pictures, which he sketches off with so much facility, and which frequently rise to a degree of sublimity. Observing that the countenance of one of the individuals, who happened to be present, was not exactly expressive of approbation, he said, ‘This is not your opinion? You do not think I ought to have closed my career at Moscow?’ ‘No, Sire,’ was the reply; ‘for in that case, history would have been deprived of the return from Elba, of the most generous and most heroic act that ever man performed; of the grandest and most sublime event that the world ever witnessed.’ ‘Well,’ returned the Emperor, ‘there may be some truth in that; but what say you to Waterloo? Ought I not to have perished there?’ ‘Sire,’ said the person whom he addressed, ‘if I have obtained pardon for Moscow, I do not see why I should not ask it for Waterloo also. The future is beyond the will and the power of man; it is in the hands of God alone.’”

Of his own family, and particularly his brothers, he is represented to have said, —“They possessed at once too much and too little talent. They felt themselves too strong to resign themselves blindly to a guiding counsellor, and yet too weak to be left entirely to themselves. But take them all in all, I have certainly good reason to be proud of my family.”

“Joseph would have been an ornament to society in any country; and Lucien would have been an honour to any political assem-

bly. Jerome, as he advanced in life, would have developed every qualification requisite in a sovereign. Louis would have been distinguished in any rank or condition of life. My sister Eliza was endowed with masculine powers of mind: she must have proved herself a philosopher in her adverse fortune. Pauline, perhaps the most beautiful woman of her age, has been, and will continue to the end of her life, the most amiable creature in the world. As to my mother, she deserves all kind of veneration. How seldom is so numerous a family entitled to so much praise! Add to this, that, setting aside the jarring of political opinions, we sincerely loved each other. For my part, I never ceased to cherish fraternal affection for them all; and I am convinced that in their hearts they felt the same sentiments towards me, and that, in case of need, they would have given me every proof of it.”

Speaking of the Empresses Josephine and Maria Louis, Napoleon usually concluded by observing, that the one was the model of the Graces, with all their fascinations,—the other, the emblem of innocence, with all its charms.

“The Emperor estimated the expenses of Malmaison to have been three or 400,000 francs; that is to say, all that he was at that time possessed of. He then calculated the amount of the sums which the Empress Josephine must have received from him: and added, that with a little order and regularity, she might, probably, have left behind her fifty or 60,000,000 of francs. ‘Her extravagance,’ said the Emperor, ‘vexed me beyond measure. Calculator as I am, I would, of course, rather have given away a million of francs, than have seen 100,000 squandered away.’ He informed us that having one day unexpectedly broken in upon Josephine’s morning circle, he found a celebrated milliner, whom he had expressly forbidden to go near the Empress, as she was ruining her by extravagant demands. ‘My unlooked for entrance occasioned great dismay in the academic sitting. I gave some orders unperceived to the individuals who were in attendance, and on the lady’s departure, she was seized and conducted to Bicetre. A great outcry was raised among the higher circles in Paris; it was said, that my conduct was disgraceful. It soon became the fashion to visit the milliner in her confinement, and there was daily a file of carriages at the gate of the prison. The police informed me of these facts. All the better, said I; but I hope she is not treated with severity; not confined in a dungeon?’—‘No, Sire, she has a suite of apartments, and a drawing room.’ Oh, well! let her be. If this measure is pronounced to be tyrannical, so much the better; it will be a diaphanous stroke for a great many others. Very little will serve to shew that I can do more.’ He also mentioned a celebrated man milliner, who, he remarked, was the most insolent fellow he had ever met with in the whole course of his life. ‘I was one day,’ said the Emperor, ‘speaking to him respecting a *trousseau* that he had furnished, when he had the presumption to call my conduct in question. He did what no man in France, except himself, would have ventured to do; he began, with great volubility, to prove to me that I did not grant a sufficient allowance to the Empress Josephine; and that it was impossible she could pay for her clothes out of such a sum. I soon put an end to his impertinent eloquence; I

stopped him short with a look, and left him transfixed."

From the sublime to the ridiculous is, truly, but a step. Speaking of Prince Leopold, of Cobourg, it is set down—

"I recollect him very well; and when he appeared at the Tuileries, I thought him one of the handsomest young men I ever saw."

"The Emperor, again alluding to Prince Leopold, and the chance he had of becoming his aide-de-comp, said, 'A crowd of German Princes solicited the same favour. When I established the Confederation of the Rhine, the sovereigns who were included in it, took it for granted that I intended to revive in my person the etiquette and forms of the Holy Roman Empire; and all, even Kings themselves, were eager to join my retinue.' One wished to be appointed my cup-bearer, another my grand butler, &c. At this period, the Princes of Germany literally invaded the Tuileries; they crowded the saloons, and modestly mingled with the officers of my household. It was the same with the Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese; in short, all the most exalted individuals in Europe were assembled at the Tuileries. . . . 'The fact is,' added the Emperor, 'that during my reign, Paris was in itself a nation, and the first in the world! . . .'"

The following might with propriety have been added as a corollary to the dissertation on History, which we quoted at setting out: it is a remarkable confession—

"My enemies always spoke of my love of war; but was I not constantly engaged in self-defence? After every victory I gained, did I not immediately make proposals for peace?"

"The truth is, I never was master of my own actions. I never was entirely myself. I might have conceived many plans; but I never had it in my power to execute any:—I held the helm with a vigorous hand; but the fury of the waves was greater than any force I could exert in resisting them; and I prudently yielded, rather than incur the risk of sinking through stubborn opposition. I never was truly my own master; but was always controlled by circumstances. Thus, at the commencement of my rise, during the Consulate, my sincere friends and warm partisans frequently asked me, with the best intentions, and as a guide for their own conduct, *what point I was driving at?* and I always answered that I did not know. They were surprised, probably dissatisfied, and yet I spoke the truth. Subsequently, during the Empire, when there was less familiarity, many faces seemed to put the same question to me; and I might still have given the same reply. In fact, I was not master of my actions, because I was not fool enough to attempt to twist events into conformity with my system. On the contrary, I moulded my system according to the unforeseen succession of events. This often appeared like unsteadiness and inconsistency, and of these faults I was sometimes unjustly accused."

By the bye, this is precisely what the British ministry were charged with, by their opponents, and it is whimsical to find their potent adversary acknowledging the doctrine of circumstances. He then goes into one of his dreams—

"One of my great plans was the rejoining, the concentration of those same geographical nations which have been disunited and parcelled out by revolution and policy. There

are dispersed in Europe, upwards of 30,000,000 of French, 15,000,000 of Spaniards, 15,000,000 of Italians, and 30,000,000 of Germans; and it was my intention to incorporate these people each into one nation. It would have been a noble thing to have advanced into posterity with such a train, and attended by the blessings of future ages. I felt myself worthy of this glory!"

"After this summary simplification, it would have been possible to indulge the chimera of the *beau idéal* of civilization. In this state of things, there would have been some chance of establishing, in every country, a unity of codes, principles, opinions, sentiments, views, and interests. Then, perhaps, by the help of the universal diffusion of knowledge, one might have thought of attempting, in the great European family, the application of the American Congress, or the Amphictyons of Greece. What a perspective of power, grandeur, happiness, and prosperity, would thus have appeared! . . ."

Omnipotence, as well as optimism, was alone wanted to complete this superb scheme! It is only to be matched by another of his very comprehensive views—

"The Emperor one day, in the course of conversation, observed, that if he had had leisure, there were few institutions in which he would not have made improvements. He dwelt on the evils arising from lawsuits, which, he said, were an absolute leprosy, a social cancer. 'My code,' said he, 'had singularly diminished lawsuits, by placing numerous causes within the decision of every individual. But there still remained much for the legislator to accomplish. Not that he could hope to prevent men from quarrelling: that they have done in all ages; but he might have prevented a third party in society, from living upon the quarrels of the two others, and even stirring up disputes, to promote their own interest. It was, therefore, my intention to establish the rule, that lawyers should never receive fees except when they gained causes. Thus what litigations would have been prevented! On the first examination of a cause, a lawyer would have rejected it, had it been at all doubtful. There would have been little fear that a man, living by his labour, would have undertaken to conduct a lawsuit, from mere motives of vanity; and if he had, he would himself have been the only sufferer in case of failure. But my idea was opposed by a multitude of objections, and as I had no time to lose, I postponed the further consideration of the subject. Yet I am still convinced,' added he, 'that the scheme might, with certain modifications, have been turned to the best account.'

"When speaking of the clergy, the Emperor remarked, that he intended to have rendered curates a very important and useful class of men. 'The more they are enlightened,' said he, 'the less will they be inclined to abuse their ministry.'

"Therefore, in addition to their theological studies, he wished them to acquire a knowledge of agriculture, and the elements of medicine and law. 'Thus,' said he, 'dogmatism and controversy, the battle-horse and armour of fools and fanatics, would gradually have become more and more rare in the pulpit, from whence would have been promulgated the doctrines of pure morality, always pleasing, eloquent, and persuasive. As men usually love to discourse on what they know, the curates would have instructed the peasantry in their agricultural labours, coun-

selled them against chicanery, and given advice to the sick. Such pastors would have been real blessings to their flocks; and, as they would have been allowed a liberal stipend, they would have enjoyed high consideration: they would have respected themselves, and would have been respected by all. They would have possessed the power of feudal lords, and they might, without danger, have exercised all their influence. A curate would have been a natural justice of peace, a true moral chief, to whom the direction of the population might have been safely intrusted, because he would himself have been dependant on the Government for his appointment and salary. If to all this he added, the study and privation necessary for the calling, and supposing the individuals to be possessed of good qualities of heart and mind, it must be confessed that pastors, thus constituted, would have produced a revolution in society, highly advantageous to the cause of morality."

"I recollect having heard the Emperor, in the Council of State, declaim against the perquisites of ministers of the Gospel, and point out the indecorum of their bartering, as he said, for sacred, and, frequently, indispensable objects. He therefore proposed putting an end to this practice. 'By rendering the acts of religion gratuitous,' he observed, 'we shall elevate their dignity, beneficence, and charity; and confer a great benefit on the poor. Nothing would be easier than to substitute legal imposts for these perquisites. Every one is born, many marry, and all die; and yet births, marriages, and deaths, are three great subjects of religious jobbing, which, in my opinion, are particularly objectionable, and which I would wish to abolish. Since these are matters which concern all equally, why not place them under a special impost, or include them among the subjects of general taxation?' This proposition came to no result. . . ."

"It is calculated that Napoleon's Government, in the space of fourteen years and five months, presents 61,139 deliberations of the Council of State, on different subjects! . . ."

The superficialness of many of these silly propositions contrast strongly with the depth of many of Buonaparte's conceptions; and present to the mind's eye the man spoilt by extraordinary fortune, and almost mad with unlimited power.

• Montvéran's *Histoire Critique et Raisonnée*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Aug. 27, 1823.

In spite of the melting heat, the annual Sitting of the French Academy in honour of St. Louis was numerously attended, first at the Church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, and afterwards in its own Salle. A report on the prize poems was read by M. Raynouard, perpetual secretary. The subject of the competition was the "Abolition of the Slave Trade." The Secretary began by some observations, sufficiently strong and perfectly just, on the infamous character of this odious traffic; and then proceeded to the examination of the different pieces, amounting in number, to the no small delight of the friends of humanity, to fifty-four. The poem that carried the prize was composed by M. Victor Chauvet, already known as having gained an *accessit* last year on the subject of the *Peste de Barcelonne*. The piece to be crowned was first read by

M. Picard, and, for both beauty of versification and energy of thought, it appeared to merit the high honour awarded by the Academy. Several extracts from other poems, deemed worthy of honourable mention, were also read; one produced a very great impression, and drew tears in abundance from the eyes of the female part of the company. It was the description of a negress endeavouring to soothe and hush to silence her infant, because the captain of the slave-ship had ordered the babe to be killed if it continued to disturb his slumbers by its cries. Had the literary merits of this part of the Sitting been less evident and gratifying, the moral interest would still have been inspiring and delightful. What a reward to the labours of the virtuous, patient, persevering friends of Abolition, to see fifty-four prize Essays on that subject heaped on the table of the French Academy! Certainly this fact is a counterpoise to another, not less notorious, viz. the zeal and enterprise which have been manifested of late years by French speculators in prosecuting this abominable and abhorred commerce.

L'Évêque d'Hermopolis, *directeur* of the Academy, followed M. Picard, and in a short exordium laid down as a principle, that if it be well to say, it is much better to do; and that of course the Academy ought not to have less pleasure in honouring a good action than in crowning a good poem. He then related the various acts of virtue which had merited the prizes founded by M. de Montyon. The first, of 1500 francs, was awarded to the *Sieur Becart*, for having devoted himself to the relief of the wife of his old master, when she had fallen into want and sickness. He had begged for her support, and had nursed her through long illness, during which he had never slept but in a chair, lest he should sleep too soundly to be awake at the instant by the feeble voice of his former mistress, whose temper, soured by age and misfortunes, was so unpleasant, that she only repaid his devotion and his services by constant reproaches and by threats of driving him from her employment. Four prizes, of 1000 francs each, were then adjudged to as many females distinguished by their humanity, and who, themselves scarcely above want, had lavished their time and resources, and given the most touching attentions to their fellow-creatures sinking in age and anguish.

The prize announced of the St. Louis 1824, is for the best *Discours* on the Life and Writings of De Thou.

I cannot terminate my account of this Sitting, flattering, no doubt, to our French national vanity, without mentioning that I remarked with pain, that neither by the Secretary or any other person, was there any allusion to the labours and services of your Clarkson and Wilberforce.

NEW PLAYING-CARDS.

SIR,—I apply myself to you as a person in whose taste and judgment I place the greatest possible confidence, to beg you will favour me with your opinion on the subject of a plan I have in contemplation, which I flatter myself is calculated to encourage that taste for the Fine Arts which has been so successfully cultivated under the exalted patronage of our enlightened Sovereign. I am one of those who approve most sincerely of all the refinements and elegancies of modern education; and my heart glows with delight when I anticipate the splendid effects that so universal a diffusion of taste and talent will

produce on the rising generation. But alas! Sir, there is one class of unfortunate beings (and that by no means a small one) which has not as yet derived any advantage from all the improvements of education, and who, if something is not done to bring instruction before them in a new and seducing form, will most probably close their unintellectual career in a total ignorance of all the elegancies of taste and all the nobility of sentiment. This neglected class is to be found in both the middling and the higher circles of society—I mean the race of determined Card-players—a race so entirely and blindly devoted to one pursuit, that their whole time is sacrificed, and every feeling of their hearts absorbed in it. To draw these infatuated beings from the card-table would be, I imagine, an undertaking in which the most ardent zeal would fail of success. But why may not their darling pursuit be made the means of conveying some new ideas, and of rousing some dormant feelings in their hearts? This is the end which I propose to accomplish. I have invented for this purpose what may be called “A National and Classical Pack of Cards,” by means of which I will not only undertake to give them a taste for the Fine Arts, but will even venture to promise that I will awaken those feelings of national pride which always tend to elevate the soul.

By these cards England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are to be symbolically represented; and instead of the quaint and rude conceit of clubs, diamonds, hearts, and spades, are to be distinguished by the appropriate emblems of “the Rose,” “the Thistle,” “the Shamrock,” “the Harp.” The leek might perhaps be considered as better fitted to represent Wales; but the leek conveys an idea beneath the dignity of the subject, and as being nearly related to the onion, ought not to be introduced into polite circles; I have therefore adopted the Harp, as more elegant and classical. The court-cards are to be arranged as follows: To begin with the Knaves—It is really distressing to think Knaves should so long have been tolerated in the fashionable world, though it is only at the card-table. At the time when cards were invented, it is well known that the word Knave had a very different signification from what it now bears, as it meant nothing more than Servant: thus the old writers use it—“Where be my Knaves?” and in France it is at this moment called “Valet.” There are no Knaves there! How absurd is it that this antique phraseology should be kept up when the meaning is completely changed! Why should sound outlive sense? Let the Knaves, therefore, be succeeded by Peasants, not Servants, for the Peasant will be a more picturesque object, each in the costume of his country; let the characteristic features of his native land be strikingly illustrated in a landscape, and the appropriate emblem be represented on the corner of the cards in the same manner that the Knaves of each suit now bear it. The four Queens are to yield to beautiful allegorical figures of the genius of each nation, personified in a female form—Britannia, Caledonia, Hibernia, Cambria. The four Kings shall be converted into the tutelar Knights, or Champions—St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. David. The designs for these figures I intend to have drawn by eminent artists, and executed in a style of so much elegance that it cannot possibly fail to excite the admiration of the connoisseur, and will as infallibly encourage a taste for the Fine

Arts among people who have at present so little notion of the beauty of emblems and attributes, that I am confident they scarcely know a Venus from a Bellona, or an Apollo from a Hercules. Nor is poetry to be forgotten. The single Rose, Thistle, &c. which will take place of the Aces, will leave ample room for an appropriate motto, and (as I am no poet myself) I will be much obliged to any of your correspondents who will kindly furnish me with it. As for the national pride that will be called forth by these cards—can it be doubted? For my part I know I shall always play with most spirit when Shamrocks are trumps! If this scheme is fortunate enough to meet with your approbation, I beg of you to publish it, that your readers may look forward to this happy era in the annals of card-playing;—and if not, favour me with an answer in your Notice to Correspondents, that I may turn my speculative brain to something else. I forgot to mention that the case of these cards, instead of being disfigured by the head of the Great Mogul, or Harry the Eighth, shall be embellished with a faithful and highly-executed portrait of His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth, surrounded by the united emblems of his four nations, and accompanied by a motto which I intend to supply, for every one knows that excessive loyalty will always atone for bad poetry.

Your humble Servant, H. C.
Brick-court, Temple, Aug. 18, 1823.

LITERATURE.

SWEDEN.

Two new Literary Societies were formed at Copenhagen in 1798. One of them, called “The Society for Truth,” without being persecuted or suppressed by government, nevertheless thought it its duty, in prudence, to dissolve itself, immediately after the promulgation of the royal proclamation of the 27th September 1799; which, under the pretext of better fixing the bounds of the liberty of the press, left to that valuable liberty merely a nominal and precarious existence. The other Society, more fortunate, because it was occupied only in learned researches respecting history, antiquities, jurisprudence, and natural science, published in the first six years after its establishment six very valuable volumes, under the title of “The Scandinavian Museum.” After having assumed another shape, in 1805, it took the name of The Literary Scandinavian Society, and published almost every year a volume of memoirs, the number of which amounts to eighteen volumes; or, if the volumes of the Museum are added, to twenty-five. They contain a variety of most interesting papers. As the Scandinavian Society comprehends all the individuals of Denmark and Norway who are distinguished by their talents, erudition and knowledge, it is probable that it will continue to prosper.

MILAN.

THE Institute of the Lombard-Venetian Kingdom has published the first volume of its Memoirs. It contains the history of the foundation of the Institute, and of its labours down to the year 1813. This body was in the first instance composed, at Bologna, of sixty members, divided into three classes; that is to say, Physical and Mathematical Science, Moral and Political Science, and Literature and the Fine Arts. On being transferred to

Milan, it, in the year 1812, received an augmentation of new members, some actual, some honorary. The subjects of the various papers read in the Institute during the years 1812 and 1813, are sufficiently indicative of their interest. M. Oriani demonstrates the formula of Lagrange, in his paper "On the Origin of Planets and Comets." M. Breislack points out many correspondences between the hypothesis of that illustrious mathematician, and that which he himself propounds in his "Introduction to Geology." Charles Amoretti undertakes the defence of the celebrated Guillemine, or Guillemette, who, on arriving at Milan, gave herself out as the daughter of Constance, Queen of Bohemia, pretending that he had been miraculously conceived, like Jesus Christ, and that he was the Holy Ghost incarnate, sent upon earth to save Christians, Turks, and Jews. Upon these principles she established a mysterious sect, which was charged with heterodox opinions and lewd conduct, and several of the members of which, men and women, were condemned to various punishments, and some of them burnt. M. Amoretti renews the efforts made by the Canon Puricelli, to exculpate Guillemine, and to devote to execration the Inquisition which had burnt either innocent persons or madmen. M. Cesaris examines the oscillatory movements of buildings, especially of observatories. M. Michel Araldi engages in the solution of various difficulties relative to the theory of the resistance of fluids. Several other papers have been published separately; such as that of F. Venini, on lyric poetry, ancient and modern; of Y. Brunacci, on the new method of increasing the range of bombs; of M. Oriani, on the comet discovered at Vivers on the 25th of March 1811; of Louis Brugnatelli, on artificial cold; of Ange Bellani, on the theory of the combustion of phosphorus; of M. Configurati, on the property which the violet ray possesses of magnetising iron points; of M. Cesaris, on astronomical clocks, &c.—Ermenegildo Pini has also devoted himself to the study of the metaphysics of the first operations of Algebra; Alexandre Volta maintains the hypothesis which considers aërolites as small planets revolving round the sun; M. Araldi offers some new remarks on Molière's problem; the respectable C. Moscati describes the Thermometrograde, lately improved by M. Bellani; L. Bossi furnishes a dissertation on the use of sugar by the ancients; and M. Joseph Mangili another on the venom of the viper, and the usefulness of the amoniacs, &c. That part of the printed Memoirs which relates to Philology and Moral and Political Science, contains a commentary on the works of Virgil, by Araldi. The author treats particularly of imitative harmony; and revives the opinion of P. Sarchi, who could perceive no essential difference among the ancient Greeks and Romans and the moderns, with respect to measure and the division of time. According to him, the harmony of the versification of the one, as of the other, consists in the skillful distribution of the accents. Thomas Nani has applied himself to the defence of the Prerogative of Mercy in all Governments, and especially in Monarchies. He examines, first, if the laws of nature, the consent of nations, and the divine laws, are in opposition to the exercise of that prerogative; secondly, from what source it is derived in the monarchical government; and, thirdly, if it is capable of defeating penal justice, and of becoming fatal to the safety and

the happiness of the citizens. A third paper, by M. Simon Stratico, comprehends an essay on the principles which ought to regulate the judgment in works of civil architecture. It is followed by a translation into triplets of the sixteenth and seventeenth odes of Theocritus, by M. Louis Rossi. M. Stratico has also furnished a paper on the boats impelled by oars, used in war, by the ancient Greeks and Romans; and a treatise on the *fluctus decumanus*, or *decimus* of the Latin poets, &c. &c. &c.

EASTERN JOURNALS.

We learn from Calcutta that a new journal is to be published there every three months, under the title of the Asiatic Observer, or Religious, Literary, and Philosophical Miscellany. Another Journal has just been commenced at Macao: it is in the Portuguese language, published every Thursday by the Portuguese of Macao; its title is *A Abelha da China* (The Bee of China.) The first number was published on the 12th of September 1822. This periodical paper, of which we have several numbers before us, is very well printed, and the plan appears good. Besides acts of the Portuguese government at Macao, it contains the news of the neighbouring countries, and of China in particular. In No. 11, Nov. 21, 1822, there is an account of the late fire at Canton, containing more minute statements than those which have appeared in the English prints. From No. 8, we learn that the Chinese are at this moment engaged in war with some Mongol or Tartar nation. The news is as follows:

"The Pekin Gazette contains some intelligence relative to the military operations on the north-west frontier. The enemy has endeavoured to penetrate into the province of Sze-chuen at the same time that another division advanced by the way of Tibet; but, terrified by the Imperial army, the enemy collected their forces, and fought a battle, in which they were completely put to the rout, and fled over the mountains of Tartary, which are covered with snow. In their flight they abandoned a great number of dead, and the campaign was quickly terminated."

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

THE Students and Artists who seek for improvement at this Gallery, are now busy with the pictures left for their use. These are chiefly the Death of Cardinal Beaufort, the Snake in the Grass, Sleeping Girl, Virgin and Child, and others of Sir Joshua; a Rubens or two, the Parmegiano, &c. &c. We were gratified to observe the other day that the Sir Joshua were surrounded by aspiring easels; and it is a remarkable fact, that not one Student had taken the Parmegiano to paint from!

LORDS' ILLUSTRIOUS PORTRAITS: PART III.

We have announced the commencement of this sterling publication in its periodical shape. This new Part contains the Portraits of Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk; Dorothy Sydney, Countess of Sunderland; Henry Spencer, the first Earl of that title; Sir Francis Drake, and Cardinal Wolsey. The first is from one of Holbein's most forcible pictures, and represents about middle age that potent nobleman, who miraculously outlived his master Henry VIII., and, though his accomplished son, the Earl of Surrey, perished, attained, through many vicissitudes and perils, to the patriarchal age of eighty

years, leaving behind him fifty-six manors, thirty-seven adownsons, and other immense estates.—Lady Sidney, *Sacharissa*, is from the Portrait by Vandyke; and her accomplished husband from one by Walker.—Drake's is an admirable Head, from the Marquis of Lothian's Collection; and Wolsey's is also a striking engraving from the Holbein at Christ Church, Oxford. On the whole, the publication goes on as its early friends and the admirers of the Arts could desire.

ANTIQUITIES IN THE ARTS.

Rome, July.

Baron Otto M. Von Stackelberg has long been employed upon a great work on the Temple of Apollo Epikurios, near Phigalia, in Arcadia, under the ruins of which, he and several artists and connoisseurs found, in the year 1812, the celebrated bas-reliefs which are now in the British Museum.* The remarks and measurements made by himself upon the spot, are here arranged, and the plates, executed under his own direction from his very accurate drawings, by able artists, partly in the line manner, and partly as finished etchings. In 31 plates in folio, one frontispiece, and three vignettes, engraved by C. Reichart, T. Gmelin, D. Marchetti, &c., we have views of the country and of the ruins of the temple, both before and after the rubbish was cleared away; the ground plan and restoration of the temple; the connexion and completion of the whole interior frieze; finished plates of the several bas-reliefs, three-quarters the size of the originals; lastly, fragments of the Metopes and of the statue of Apollo. The text gives a description of the country and of its inhabitants; an account of the excavation and its success; of the condition of the temple, with reflections upon its architecture; on the arrangement of the pieces of the frieze; on the meaning and connexion of the subjects represented, with general observations on the sculpture; and, lastly, remarks on the Metopes and the statue. In the Appendix there is an account of the Lycian Mountains, Messene, the Panhelion in Ægina, and the Mainots. The work will appear both in German and in French, and be printed without delay. The author has himself undertaken to publish it, and a sufficient number of subscribers have already set down their names. The title will be, "The Temple of Apollo at Bassia," &c.

M. Von Stackelberg is also preparing another work for publication, which will be perfectly similar in form and execution to the preceding, and will furnish an extremely important addition to our knowledge of Art and Antiquity. The author has here put together all his researches respecting the Greek Sepulchres, an investigation hitherto but little touched upon, and which affords much novelty and information. The subjects represented in the plates are drawn, partly from monuments, discovered and dug up by the author and his fellow travellers, and partly from other works existing in Greece. The whole is engraved by the same artists as the preceding, in 76 plates, imperial folio, and six vignettes, some of which, where the nature of the subject required it, are coloured.

* So far back as the second number of the Literary Gazette, we were enabled to give a particular account of the researches of Baron Von Stackelberg and his fellow travellers in Greece, and have since had frequent occasion to mention their labours.

The first section contains Views of the Sepulchres, Monuments, &c. with their bas-reliefs and ornaments; the second and third contain the things found in the Sepulchre, namely, vases, terracotta figures, painted and adorned with sculptures, bronzes, and ornaments of gold and silver, all arranged according to their supposed antiquity. Among these are many elegant and rare articles, especially terracotta figures and vessels. The text will contain but a short notice and explanation, as the author leaves it to antiquaries to form their ideas and conjectures according to what he places before them. The copper-plates are all finished, and represent the Monuments with great fidelity, as the writer has convinced himself by comparing some of them with the originals. S.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BAYADERE.—PART II.

The loorie brought to his cinnamon nest
The bee from the midst of its honey quest,
And open the leaves of the lotus lay
To welcome the noon of the summer day.
It was glory and light and beauty all,
When Mandalla closed his wing in Bengal;
He stood in the midst of a stately square,
As the waves of the sea rolled the thousands there;
Their gathering was round the gorgeous car
Where sat in his triumph the subadar,
For his sabre was red with the blood of the slain,
And his proudest foes were slaves in his chain;
And the sound of the trumpet, the sound of his name,
Rose in shouts from the crowd as onwards he came.
With gems and gold on each ataghan,
A thousand warriors led the van,
Mounted on steeds black as the night,
But with foam and with stirrup gleaming in light;
And another thousand came in their rear,
On white horses, armed with bow and spear,
With quivers of gold on each shoulder laid,
And with crimson belts for the crooked blade.
Then followed the foot ranks,—their turbans showed
Like flashes of light from a mountain cloud,
For white were the turbans as winter snow,
And death-black the foreheads that darkened below;
Scarlet and white was each soldier's vest,
And each bore a lion of gold on his breast,
For this was the chosen band that bore
The lion standard,—it floated o'er
Their ranks like morning; at every wave
Of that purple banner, the trumpets gave
A martial salute to the radiant fold
That bore the lion-king wrought in gold.
And last the elephant came, whose tower
Held the Lord of this pomp and power:
And round that chariot of his pride,
Like chains of white sea-pearls,
Of braids enwove of summer flowers,
Glided fair dancing girls;
And as the rose-leaves fall to earth,
Their light feet touched the ground,—
But for the zone of silver bells
You had not heard a sound,
As, scattering flowers o'er the way,
Danced round the beautiful array.
But there was one who 'mid them shone,
A planet lovely and alone,
A rose, one flower amid many,
But still the loveliest of any:
Tho' fair her arm as the moonlight,
Others might raise an arm as white;
Tho' light her feet as music's fall,
Others might be as musical;
But where were such dark eyes as hers?
So tender, yet withal so bright,
As the dark orbs had in their smile
Mingled the light of day and night.

And where was that wild grace which shed
A loveliness o'er every tread,
A beauty shining thro' the whole,
Something which spoke of heart and soul.
The Almas had pass'd lightly on,
The armed ranks, the crowd, were gone,
Yet gazed Mandalla on the square
As she he sought still glided there,—
Oh that fond look, whose eyeballs strain,
And will not know its look is vain!
At length he turned,—his silent mood
Sought that impassioned solitude,
The Eden of young hearts, when first
Love in its loneliness is nursed.
He sat him by a little fount;
A tulip tree grew by its side,
A lily with its silver towers
Floated in silence on the tide;

And far round a banana tree
Extended its green sanctuary;
And the long grass, which was his seat,
With every movement grew more sweet,
Yielding a more voluptuous scent
At every blade his pressure bent.
And there he lingered, till the sky
Lost somewhat of its brilliancy,
And crimson shadows rolled on the west,
And raised the moon her diamond crest,
And came a freshness on the trees,
Harbinger of the evening breeze,
When a sweet far sound of song,
Borne by the breath of flowers along,
A mingling of the voice and lute,
Such as the wind-harp, when it makes
Its pleasant music to the gale
Which kisses first the chords it breaks.

He followed where the echo led,
Till in a cypress grove he found
A funeral train, that round a grave
Poured forth their sorrows' wailing sound;
And by the tomb a choir of girls,
With measured steps and mournful notes,
And snow-white robes, while on the air,
Unbound their wreaths, each dark curl floats,
Paced round and sang to her who slept
Calm, while their young eyes o'er her wept.
And she, that loveliest one, is here,
The morning's radiant Bayadere:
A darker light in her dark eyes,—
For tears are there,—a paler brow
Change but to charm the morning's smile,
Less sparkling, but more touching now.

And first her sweet lip prest the flute,
A nightingale waked by the rose,
And when that honey breath was mute,
Her low and plaintive song arose,
Wailing for the young blossom's fall,
The last, the most beloved of all.
As died in gushing tears the lay,
The band of mourners pass'd away:
They left their wreaths upon the tomb,
As falling leaves and long perfume
Were emblems of her; and unbound
Many a cage's gilded round
And set the prisoners free, as none
Were left to love now she was gone.
And azure wings spread on the air,
And songs, rejoicing songs were heard;
But, pining as forgotten now,
Lingered one solitary bird:
A beautiful and pearl-white dove,
Alone in its remembering love.
It was a strange and lovely thing
To mark the drooping of its wing,
And how into the grave it prest
Till soiled the dark earth-stain its breast;
And darker as the night-shades grew,
Sadder became its wailing coo,
As if it missed the hand that bore,

As the cool twilight came, its store
Of seeds and flowers.—There was one,
Who like that dove, was lingering lone,—
The Bayadere: her part had been

Only the hired mourner's part;
But she had given what none might buy,—

The precious sorrow of the heart.
She woo'd the white dove to her breast,
It sought at once its place of rest:
Round it she threw her raven hair,
It seemed to love the gentle snare,
And its soft beak was raised to sip
The honey-dew of her red lip.
Her dark eyes filled with tears, to feel
The gentle creature closer steal
Into her heart with soft caress,
As it would thank her tenderness;
To her 't was strange and sweet to be
Beloved in such fond purity,
And sighed Mandalla to think that sin
Could dwell so fair a shrine within.
Oh grief to think that she was one
Who like the breeze was wooed and won:
Yet sure it were a task for love
To come like dew of the night from above
Upon her heart, and wash away,
Like dust from the flowers, its stain of clay,
And win her back in her tears to heaven,
Pure, loved, and humble, and forgiven;
Yes, freed from the soil of her earthly thrall,
Her smile shall light up my starry hall.—L. E. L.

End of the Second Part.

PERSIAN MELODIES.

III.—THE TWO HEAVENS.

'Tis sweet to look out at the still hour of even,
And gaze on the almond-trees shining afar,
When the hills they adorn wear the beauty of
Heaven,
And each silver blossom seems lit by a star:
Then I turn to the waves of the calm Band Amir*
And see how the stars in the water appear;
For the earth and the sky are so lovely blended,
When the beam of Halaly† first struggles to birth,
One might fancy the stars from the sky had de-
scended [earth: to
To play with the flowers that bloom on the
'Tis a moment whose glory is equalled by none,
When the lights of two heavens are mingled in one.

IV.

There's not a flower that gems the side
Of yon clear fountain murmuring by;
There's not a playful wave can glide,
Whose sun-lit beauties catch my eye;
There's nought of pure or bright I see,
But I am sure to think of thee.
When I behold the radiant blaze
Of Mihr‡ just peeping o'er the billow;
When I behold his evening rays
Sink lightly on their gorgeous pillow;
When aught of pure or bright I see,
My love, my life, I think of thee.
There's not a bird whose varied wing
Displays a thousand glittering dyes;
There's not a beauteous cloud can fling
Its dawn of glory o'er the skies;
There's nought of pure or bright I see,
But I am sure to think of thee.
When I behold the stars of night
(A lonely hour at eve beguiling)
Pour down their streams of quivering light,
Like groups of youthful Paris§ smiling;
When aught of pure or bright I see,
My love, my life, I think of thee!

Brighton. G. B. H.

* The ancient Araxes. † The Moon.
‡ The Sun. § Imaginary beings, fairies.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE BARLEY-CORN CLUB.—NO. VII.

An Apology for the Public; and a Public Apology.

You are not the only one of us, friend Ephraim, who has taken offence at a casual expression in a late Paper of mine, in which I designate the Public as your indolent and soft-headed friend. It has drawn on me a volley of reproofs from most of the members of our Club, who either ironically or in earnest remind me of the many compliments that have been paid to that Public during the last hundred years. I am on all hands assailed with the exclamations "a candid Public," "a discerning Public," "a liberal Public," "a generous Public," and "a disinterested Public;" while the epithets I have used are denounced as the more reprehensible, because they are aimed at a personage who is unable to speak in his own defence, the Public being generally dumb, except at the Play or Opera, when its voice merely is heard in such brief interjections as "Encore!" "Bravo!" "Bravissimo!" "No! no!" "Off! off!" "Manager! manager!" with certain sibilations and ululations imitated from the lower animals of the creation. Indeed the propriety of recalling that obnoxious expression has become a sort of question among us, and I am left in a minority with only our young friend Charles Page, who seems to have joined me merely for the sake of hoaxing the old ones. Our worthy associate the Commodore seems sincerely to lament the sarcasm, as he calls it; and notwithstanding my extreme reluctance either to retract or qualify it, insists that I shall immediately make the *amende honorable*. Not content with rating me for a full hour last night, after the breaking-up or adjournment of the party, he engaged me to take an early dinner with him to-day, when he would state to me an especial reason for the procedure he recommended, which would put all my objections and scruples to flight.

I attended to the appointment, and was happy to find Master Charles of the party; he had arrived from town a day earlier than usual. Having done ample justice to our host's mutton, considering the languid sultriness of the weather, I instantly adverted to the topic of the preceding evening. He briefly recapitulated the many proofs he had already cited of the candour, patience, discrimination, liberality, and *bullism* of the British Public; and proceeded to say that a more recent and splendid instance of those virtues might be found in the impression produced on the mind of that Public by the memorable letter of Doctor Toddy on a certain interesting subject. "That cogent and convincing appeal to the good sense and taste of the nation," (said he,) has, I assure you, been duly appreciated,—it has already begun to realize the benevolent intentions of the writer: sugars are looking up, coffee is improving, and rum is on the rise; in short, a turn has taken place in the tide of opinion, which must tend, even without parliamentary aid, to the rapid and effectual mitigation of the West India distresses."

I was about to reply, that this new appendix to the chapter of great events from small causes reminded me of the *miff* between Queen Anne and Lady Marlborough, which altered the fate of Europe; but a look from Charles induced me to humour the conceit, so I directly admitted the Commodore's reasoning to be conclusive; regretted that any ill-timed joke of mine should have been construed to militate against Doctor Toddy's plea for the Colonies; and avowed my readiness to draw up, *instantly*, with Charles's assistance, a twofold apology, if he would order writing implements to be carried to the summer-house in the orchard. He shook us each cordially by the hand, rang for a servant, gave the requisite directions, and desired Mrs. Flinders to prepare and send after us our customary summer-afternoon's jug of sherbet, and the cigar-box—[You are aware that in sultry weather we never draw upon Sir John Barleycorn till after post-time—I mean after sunset; and I know not why I need tell you that our sherbet is lemonade moderately impregnated with cream of tartar. It is a cooling

beverage, and a very pleasant accompaniment to a contemplative whiff of tobacco.]

Here we are then, writing to you in an afternoon of awful rain, which, pattering on the leaves, announces, I trust, the parting tears of St. Swithin, the lachrymose bishop of Winchester. Charles says, that as this trifling weather would have been propitious to the composition of such a book as Robert Barclay's Apology for the Quakers, he hopes it will enable us, with becoming gravity, to frame an apology for the community at large, and afterwards to offer personally that public apology which the imputed libel demands. Identifying ourselves (to use a precious neologism) with the great body whose cause we are to plead, we enter upon our task with sincere and heartfelt zeal.

It must be admitted that we are, in truth, an indolent Public; but our indolence proceeds from a considerate and grateful regard for our numerous "servants," and from a wish to further their interests by using the various means and appliances which they are continually inventing or improving for our "accommodation." Availing ourselves of these conveniences and luxuries, we find an extenuation of the otherwise very censurable inertness which they superinduce, in the philosophical reflection, that whatever saves trouble saves time, and therefore virtually lengthens life. For instance, when the Public (we shall here speak of it as an individual)—when the Public rises in the morning, he finds his dressing-table covered with the rarest products of both the Indies and of both the poles, all severally selected for the purposes either of use or ornament. The removal of the beard, far from being what John Kemble used feelingly to call "an abominable job," is, by virtue of sympathetic razor-strops and oriental soaps, refined into a recreation, and is indeed termed "luxurious shaving." To dress is now, figuratively speaking, the affair of a moment; and there are implements at hand for all imaginable uses in finishing the important affair, from a nail-rasp to a shoeing-horn.

Breakfast over, that which was once the regular bug-bear of the day—business—is now, through the felicitous intervention of agency, converted into a pastime; and it is a known fact, that the main movements of the most extensive mercantile and financial operations may be all managed through the medium of the twopenny post, leaving the director ample leisure for his amusements.

Travelling has ceased to be a toil of a pleasure since our roads have been Mac-Adamized, and our packets been enabled to plough the ocean by the propulsive force of steam. It is now a matter of comparative indifference, when a gentleman receives an invitation to dinner, whether the note be dated at York or at New York; he may confidently calculate on sitting down to the entertainment in either place precisely at the time appointed.

With respect to the domestic and personal condition of the Public, great changes and improvements have been effected. The maxim, that Exercise is conducive to health, has been exploded; and such violent exertions as delving in a garden, swinging the dumb-bells, playing at billiards or bagatelle, have been voted collectively a bore. We have medicaments in abundance, either fluid or solid, in pills or in potions, to quicken a languid appetite and promote digestion; while peristaltic persuaders are at hand to urge the ulterior organs to an effective exercise of their functions; balsams are supplied to perpetuate the vigour and bloom of youth; and there are oils and essences which render it impossible for Time to "thin the flowing hair."

Intellectual pursuits have been in a great measure freed from the trouble incident to them. The thorny paths of instruction have been closed, and a royal road to knowledge has been discovered and thrown open, without toll, to the public. The quintessence of ancient and modern learning has been condensed into the compass of twelve cubic feet of books; and a course of four months' reading will now enable a man of com-

mon understanding to dispute with the most learned professors in Europe.

Literary pleasures have been amazingly multiplied and purified, yet at the same time rendered easier of attainment; and the drama has undergone a very gratifying amelioration. Modern tragedies are so constructed as to create a lenient interest, without exciting the painful emotions of terror and pity; while comedies are so ingeniously simplified as to banish from the minds of the audience all embarrassing perplexity concerning the plot, and to please sufficiently without occasioning the vulgar convulsion of laughter. They are happily contrived to "entice the dewy-feathered sleep," and they generally produce that blessed effect without the aid of any other opiate. Thus we have sufficiently shown that in the domestic affairs of life, in the transaction of business and in the pursuit of amusement, the indolence of the Public may be traced to the operation of very innocent and indeed honourable motives.

Proceeding to the second clause, we have to observe, that if we be a soft-headed, we are at the same time a soft-hearted Public. Our benevolence ever keeps pace with our credulity. Are we not the very Public who subscribed thousands upon thousands to purchase bacon and potatoes for re-exportation to Ireland? Did we not buy up whole cargoes of coals in the Thames to send to the distressed keelmen at Newcastle? Have we not shown our liberality in other causes equally honourable with that of charity? Did we ever refuse our guineas for cenotaphs to the illustrious dead, or for services of plate to the meritorious living? To come to our personal recreations,—do we not every autumn migrate from our comfortable homes to the sea-coast, for the purpose of distributing our superfluous coin among the hungry land-sharks that ply about the watering-places? Have we not, out of pure pity for the sufferings inflicted by us during the war on our righteous neighbours the French, gone over in shoals to expend our hundreds and thousands among them? Have we not, many of us, belonging to this Public, while only grieving at this lavish expenditure, laid the flattering unction to our souls, that in following the fashion we took our continental trip merely to see what folly could do—to what extreme the rage for rambling could go—how far the gullibility of the English could be practised upon by the pleasant cajolery of the French? Really when I muse on these things, I am tempted to exclaim, "If this be not soft-headedness, I know not what is." Yet I regard it as a mere foible—as a failing that "leans to virtue's side," and only renders more interesting the high qualities that compose our national character, and render us the most high-minded, exalted, generous, sensible, candid, patient, discriminating people that ever lived, or ever will live, on the face of the earth.

That is my case; and it includes the only public apology which I can bring myself to offer, in conformity to my promise. I am content to be one of the Public, and to take my full share of the faults I have presumed to find in the public character. At the same time, in making this avowal, I feel it necessary to crave the indulgence once claimed by an illustrious writer, who had little occasion for it, which is, that if it should at any time be remarked that I am particularly dull, the Public may be assured that there is a design under it, arising from my anxiety not to disturb their ease and comfort by too painful a demand on their attention.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Not many wise, not many learned, not many noble.

WE have now all sorts of clubs and societies, composed of all sorts of odd fellows, who meet upon all sorts of occasions, and transact all sorts of business: but "Jack un a son gont," and accordingly I shall, without farther preface, introduce to your notice an assemblage of old Blue Bottles belonging to Greenwich College under the title of the *Quidam Association*, who meet at the "Jolly Sailor" for

the purpose of recounting past adventures, and fighting their battles o'er again. It would do your heart good to hear them, and afford a fine subject for the pencil of Wilkie, could he but take a sly glance when the enthusiastic crisis is on, in the description of an engagement. I join them sometimes,—and I remember once Jack Rattlin had gone through the battle of the Nile, till the moment they were called from their quarters to board their opponent; he did it so naturally and bel-lowed so loudly, applying his hand to his mouth by way of speaking trumpet, "Boarders on the starboard bow!" that the whole company rose spontaneously, and with visages 'like the grim ferryman that poets write of,' seized crutches, sticks, wooden legs, &c. &c., and presented so formidable an appearance, that I began to get alarmed, but was soon relieved from apprehension by three hearty cheers,—the enemy had struck! This was a signal for the landlord to replenish,—but avast, you shall have all their pictures, from the president (for they've got a president as well as the United States) down to the last old Pigtail admitted. And first for the President. Jem Breeching was gunner's mate of the *Ajax* when she caught fire and blew up in the Dardanelles. The powder had got hold of his face, and never was there a better harometer in the world. You have only to look upon Jem's frontispiece to know which way the wind blows and what sort of weather is expected:—in easterly breezes 'tis as blue as a dying dolphin; to the southward, a cerulean hue; westerly, a greyish pink; but at north, aye at north, 'tis a beautiful mixture of every tint in the rainbow. A pair of small squinting ferret eyes, and a nose like the gnomon of a dial; but there's a sort of Listonish look with him, a *Jenny-say-Quarish* curl of the lip, that tells you at once he's fond of fun. Jem has one standing jest—his wooden pin.—Next on the list is old Sam Quketoes: he was purser's steward of the Bedford when the enterprising Captain Franklin was a lieutenant in the same ship, and talks much about the plays they performed on board. Indeed he says the whole ship's company were very fond of drammers. Sam piques himself on his learning, and has Shakespeare "com'd by rote, to cast into our teeth; and in his brain, which is as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd with observations, the which he vents in mangled form, with overwhelming brow gulling of simples." Sam has a huge red proboscis dangling from a face of scarlet, that appears like a joint of meat roasting before a good coal fire, or like the sign of the red lion over the door of a brandy cellar; but his eye (that's his left eye, for the other's gone) is a speaking one, and if any body is disposed to quiz his forefront, it immediately flashes, "*Tua refert teipsum nosse.*"—Who have we next? Oh, Hameish Mogan from the Highlands, but known now as James Hogarth. He was brought up in the town of Ayr, and received all the little education he ever had from Burns the poet, of whom he speaks in raptures, and often repeats his verses, particularly his "Address to the Deil," with great precision and fluency. Hameish was bound apprentice to a tailor; but finding they'd make use for claymores than breeks in the highlands, he listed into the 42d regiment, and was with them in Egypt when they engaged and defeated Boney's Invincibles. He has all the fire and spirit of the Gael, and when relating the account of their pinning the

French up against the walls of Aboukir castle with their bayonets, he erects himself as stiff as buckram, and screws up his mouth like a button-hole. "Eh, (says he,) we measured our ground and cut out our work weel that day, though there was mony a gude yard of braid clath spoiled by the ugly bayonets." Poor Hameish had a seam ript in his head by a French trooper, and a musket-ball took up a seating in his hip; so he was invalidated, for marching was out of the question, as he bobb'd up and down like a barrow with a broken wheel. But still he would serve his King, so he enter'd into the navy, and was in the *Victory* at the battle off Trafalgar, when Nelson fought and Britain triumphed. Here he got another wound; relentless Fate displayed her shears, and nearly snipp'd the thread of life; but he stuck to his stuff, and was in the *Agamemnon* when she was wreck'd in the River Plate. From thence he was sent into the *Mutine* sloop, and was at Buenos Ayres at the first declaration of their independence. This vessel brought home the Spanish deputy to the Court of Great Britain.—Teddy O'Shaugnessy has been in almost every ship in the navy, either as master at arms or as his lock'em ten-ends, i. e. ship's corporal. Teddy is a perfect original, and when at sea acquired the name of Mitimus Oramus, the Irish attorney-at-law; and I much question whether the late Counsellor Curran could handle a cause, sport a rap-party (as Teddy calls it), or, as a punster, make a pun stir with more heh-la. His spectacles, which he declares will make any man see *no-lens vo-lens*, are mounted on a huge *Domine dirige nos*, that meets an aspiring chin, defying every joke that can be levell'd against them, and seeming to say, "Aye, aye, *Quiz seper-a-bit.*" He wears his hair close cropp'd, and nature has rendered it so coarse, that it shows like a plantation of young broomsticks; and thereby hangs a tail, or rather stretches away from his neck in an horizontal direction like a tangent-screw, which fastens his head to his shoulders, always retaining the same situation, for Teddy's tail never varies.—Now comes my old and worthy friend Ben Marlin. You have already heard of him through the wonderful account which was real-lie, true-lie, and faithful-lie (Ben's own accent) related some time since. He prides himself upon being a bit of a *cog-no-squinteye*,—a sort of critic that sees two ways at once, and has a small collection of queer-ities which he calls his muse-he-hum; for instance, his bacca-stopper is made of one of Noah's cheek teeth given him by an old Arab, who had it from the Wandering Jew. His prickler, which has been made to go into the hollow of the tooth, is the identical needle (descended to him in the thread of lineal gin-and-ale-oigie as heir-loom of the Twist family) with which the first Mr. Twist raised himself to opulence, by sewing up a rent in the seat of Julius Cæsar's small-clothes. This needle has occasioned much controversy among the members, Sam Quketoes affirming that the Romans were sans culottes, or only had 'em of cast iron or brass; but Ben insists upon the matter, and furthermore adds, "The job was so cleverly done, that Mrs. Julius Cæsar preserved them as a specimen of British neatness and ingenuity." Teddy sides with Sam, and says Julius was a highlander and wore petticoats; and Dick Wills, who knows a little of history, asserts that the ancient Britons were clad in winding-sheets stuck together with skewers; while Ben declares,

from undoubted authority, that the Agricultural Society—the Antiquarian I mean, but 'tis all one—are hourly expecting the identical pair of breeches to be dug from the ruins of Herculaneum. Jem Breeching gives them a knowing look, and after a few hems—"Gemmen, it's my opinion—I say, gemmen, it's my opinion that if Mrs. Julius Cæsar took such a fancy to the small-clothes, it is more than probable that they actually belonged to her in their primitive state, and that her husband had slipp'd them on by mistake, being unable to find his petticoats. I say, gemmen, he might have slipp'd them on by mistake, or in a hurry, through the uncourteous reception our forefathers gave him, and that she was compelled to adopt the coats, and so it has continued ever since. And this is no fundamental error, for I'm borne out in my argument that the inexpressibles were originally the natural privilege of the ladies, by the struggles which many gentlemen make for them even in the present day; nay, are they not worn by the softer sex (here Jem rolls his goggle eye) in many parts of the world to this hour?" But for Ben's picture: he is a short, thick, punchy man, one leg exceeding bandy, the other perfectly straight—but that's his wooden one; a face like a dripping-pan, proving him to be of greasian extraction; a short, club, bas-relief nose, scarce a quarter of the face, and, you know, to be in due proportion it should be exactly one-third; and this may be easily ascertained by the thumb, for the thumb is equal to one-third of the face, and the nose equal to one-third of the face; ergo, the thumb is equal to the nose. Q.D. If any body doubt this, let them measure their noses; indeed I'm not joking. As a portrait-painter I must give the true standard, though by the rule of thumb. Some people's noses, to be sure, are longer than others, and that accounts for their being so easily led by them. Ben has a precious great head, increased in size by an enormous wig, from under which, spite of all his efforts to the contrary, the upper flaps of his ears thrust themselves out, and play at bo-peep with each other. He was shipmate in the —, under Lord A— B—, with a learned physician who now keeps his carriage, &c. in London, but was then Captain of the sweepers. "This M.D. however, (says Ben,) was always a scheming genius, and once bought a little thousand clock-wheels, and set 'em all in motion to find out the longitude: he is a clever fellow, and eminent in his profession, well worthy of his depulper." Ben lost his leg in the gallant action of the E— frigate, Captain P—, when she took the — off the Black Rocks. And now, Mr. Editor, I must lay down my brush for the present, as they have just piped to grog, so I hasten to wet my whistle and clear my pallet; but you may rely on an early description of the remaining members, their rules and regulations, their debates and harangues, &c. &c.; with many a tough yarn of most disastrous chances; of moving accidents by flood and field; of hair-breadth 'scapes; of Andes vast and deserts wild, and mountain waves whose heads touch heaven; of flying fish and swimming cows; and genuine anecdote of many a brave Commander. We have our critics too: witness Ben's remarks on my reading your extracts from "Memorable Days in America."—"Why aye, (says he,) this is, without dis-guys, a matchless production, and will strike a light upon the subject. Well, things shouldn't be viewed

with a dark-lantern; I dare say it will make a pretty blow-up among the Yankees, for they all stick up for A-merry-key, that dear, delightful star-banner'd country. 'Tis a pity they're not all constellations. But about them there dead and dying fish—I should like to know whether they were red-herrings or pickled pilchards—if not, it looks very much like a whale. I've been a great while in the New World, and knows a little about it. I dare say he pass'd through the Straits of Baffelman, where you can't square your yards for monkeys, and tells about the land crabs as big as donkeys. I've seen the black boys catch, mount, and ride races on 'em many a time—it beats Newmarket hollow! I'll tell you—"Grog a-hoy! Aye, aye, I'm coming, like seven bells half struck—like a cuckoo-clock maker—Good bye, Mr. Editor—like a bunch of sheep's trotters tied in granny's knots—like—like—like"

AN OLD SAILOR.

THE SECRET OF HAZARD.

THE first and tardy fine days of the season inviting the Parisians to leave the capital, and wander into the fields, in order to escape from politics, and to breathe a purer air, I accepted with pleasure an invitation from a friend of mine to pass a few weeks with him at his beautiful retreat in the village of —, on the road to Senlis. The morning after my arrival, curious to see the neighbourhood, I sallied forth at an early hour, and the beauty of the charming scene which surrounded me, soon threw me into one of those delicious reveries which very much resemble happiness, if they are not happiness itself. I had plunged into an adjacent wood, when, suddenly at the turn of a path, I met a young man whom I recognised as an habitual visitor at the Café Tortoni, a great amateur of the theatres, and above all, a bold Hazard player. But how different were the winter fashionable and the summer rustic! How little did his present garb resemble the elegant costume which rendered him a model in the saloons! A jacket and trowsers of Russia ticking supplied the place of the black coat and knit pantaloons, and a hairy cap completed his country appearance.

"Do I not deceive myself?" cried I, "are you really my dear friend De L—? What do you do here? A bachelor, you perhaps pass your time in visiting your neighbours?" "No, I see nobody; I live absolutely alone." "Ah, my God! you shock me. Are you become a misanthrope?" "Thank heaven, I am not attacked by that frightful malady, which deprives the external world of all its charms, and withers the heart." "I know that study never had any powerful attractions for you, and yet nothing else could relieve your solitude. What are your occupations?" "My time is rather heavy on my hands." "But what constrains you to lead this kind of life?" "A master whom all the world acknowledges—Necessity. I will explain myself. You know that I have an income of eighteen thousand livres. I am accustomed to spend twelve thousand in Paris, during the three winter months: my apartment at the Chaussee d'Antin costs me two thousand francs; and there remains only four thousand francs, which are insufficient to enable me to live in Paris for nine months; in order therefore to keep within the limits which my finances prescribe (for I dislike the system of borrowing) I have determined to pass three-quarters of the year in this village, to econo-

mise, and to enable me to continue to make in Paris the same figure, during the happy quarter." "So then, in order to shine and to play for three months, you condemn yourself to consume with spleen during the remainder of the year! Why, Castor and Pollux were happier than you are; for if they passed six months in hell, they, however, passed the other six in Elysium. In fact, I do not believe that there is any other person who could have the same courage as yourself." "You are mistaken. My history is that of a crowd of persons, who, in winter, people the saloons of the capital, but in summer tear themselves away from the enjoyment of its luxuries."

This meeting filled me with reflections. I ran over in my mind all the individuals who compose my society, and I found that my hermit was right. But to what unpleasant thoughts did this conviction give birth! Formerly, people passed the summer in the country, in order to economise; but then it was that they might provide the means of establishing a son in the world, or of giving a portion to a daughter. Now they stint themselves, they hoard during the summer, in order that they may be enabled to game in the winter! What a sad thing it is that the love of play should thus have usurped the place of the most natural and honourable affections!—*French Periodical.*

VARIETIES.

Mr. Belzoni.—The Cambridge Chronicle announces a subscription having been set afoot in that University for defraying the expenses of Mr. Belzoni's journey to Fez, where his further progress to the South was so unaccountably stopped after the fairest prospects of success.—It appears that letters have reached the friends of that gentleman, from Teneriffe, dated so recently as the 25th of July, in which he expresses a determination not to turn his face towards Europe, happen what may, till he has reached the intended point of his Expedition.

Among the forthcoming novelties from the press, we are authorised to mention, "The Star in the East, with other Poems," by Mr. Josiah Conder.

Lithography.—We are informed by Mr. Charles M. Willich, that he has succeeded in a matter calculated to be beneficial to a useful branch of the Arts, viz. in obtaining a reduction in the duty on German lithographic stones imported into this country—from 20s. to 3s. per cwt.

New Blue Dye.—Professor Ormstead, of the University of North Carolina, in the United States, has discovered that the petals of the Iris of the gardens, or Blue Lily, yield a dye superior to all known blues. It turns red like turnsol, when exposed to a stream of carbonic acid gas. It is more advantageous for dying than the blue of violets, on account of the greater quantity of colouring matter which each flower yields; and it is said that the tint is much more beautiful. Mr. Ormstead is on the point of publishing an account of his process.

Horace Vernet.—The pictures of M. Horace Vernet, which, in consequence of some dispute between the artist and the administration of the Musée, were withdrawn from the last Exhibition at Paris, are about to be engraved and published in numbers. The versatility of this artist's talents will render the collection an interesting one.

Medals.—An inhabitant of Chaumont, in the Department of Aube, in France, in ploughing a short time ago, turned up with his coulter an old earthen pot, containing about 4000 Roman medals, bearing the effigies of several of the Emperors who lived in the third century. They do not appear to have been ever circulated, and are in good preservation.

The Dalai Lama.—The Russian interpreters of the establishment at Pekin have reported on their return, that the Dalai Lama died five years ago, and that he has not yet reappeared, because the court of Pekin desires that he should revive in the person of a Manchou Prince, to which the Tibetan party does not seem to be inclined. It is also said that there are at this moment a great many English at Lhasa, who carry on a considerable trade. There is no mention of a Queen of Tibet, who, according to certain journals, sent to Rome to ask for a hundred Monks to convert the people to the Christian religion. —*Letter from Petersburg.*

Poland.—A new example has been afforded of the progress of civilization among the Jews. The Assembly of Rabbis and Elders of Ploesko have lately allowed the Jews to celebrate their sabbath on Sunday. In general, the Polish Jews much surpass their brethren in other countries in knowledge, and unite daily more and more in search of instruction. The consequence is that they become less attached to the Talmud and the Cabala, than to really useful moral acquirements.

Sweden.—A very curious work is publishing in Numbers at Lunden and Stockholm, called "Icones algarum ineditæ." The author is M. Agardh. It is devoted to the illustration of those minute and obscure classes of beings forming the limits of the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, and which, despicable as they appear, offer a variety of facts calculated to throw great light on a number of physiological difficulties of great importance. Among its interesting developments is the discovery of a link between plants and animals, which has hitherto eluded observation. It consists of a kind of animated atoms nourished in a vegetable womb, from which having escaped, they frisk about in the little pool, their domain, until, the period of their animal existence terminating, they attach themselves to some water-leaf, and become, by degrees, distinctly vegetable filaments, inert and insensible, and much resembling silky greenish hairs!

Rome: Palimpseston Edition.—M. Angelo Mai, the Prefect of the Library of the Vatican, has just published a second edition of the fragments of "The Works of Fronto," which he found in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, but which have been considerably increased by the recent discoveries among the treasures of the Vatican. The literary world will no doubt hear with pleasure, that among these additions are a hundred letters from Fronto, Marus Aurelius, &c. This edition is dedicated to the late Pope.

Among the Models in the Rotunda at Woolwich is one of the Sea Horse frigate, formed from the mast of L'Orient, and is supposed to be the adjoining piece to that from which the coffin of the brave Lord Nelson was made. There is also a noble representation, on an extensive scale, of Quebec, and the Heights of Abraham: a small stone picked up from the spot where the gallant Wolfe fell, marks the precise situa-

tion on the plan where that event took place. These (with some others I shall mention in a future communication) were much prized by His late Majesty.

Carrier Pigeons.—Early in July last thirty-nine pigeons, brought from Liege on the preceding night, were liberated in the Place Royal of Nancy, in France, that they might return to Liege, a distance of fifty-two leagues. Before their departure they were marked on the wings, by the orders of the Municipality, with the name of "Nancy," and a fleur de lis. These winged messengers belong to a house in Liege, who send them on different errands into France and other countries. There was among them a remarkably small one, which last year flew from Orleans to Liege in an hour and three quarters. As soon as they were released, they all took a northerly direction.

A blind beggar has lately been condemned to five years imprisonment for the crime of bigamy. The wits remark, *C'est bien là le cas de dire, Où diable l'amour va-t-il se nicher!*

Journal des Savans for August.—Art. 1. Essays relative to the Habits, &c. of the Hindoos; reviewed by M. Abel Remusat.—2. G. W. Freytag, *Cabli ben Sohair*, &c.; M. Silvestre de Sacy.—3. *Chefs-d'œuvre des Théâtres étrangères*; M. Reynaud.—4. M. Halma, French translation of the Phenomena of Aratus, &c.; M. Letronne.—5. M. de Courcelles, *L'Art de vérifier les Dates*; M. Daunou.—6. M. Quatremère de Quincy, *Essai sur la Nature, le but et les moyens d'imitation dans les beaux-arts*; M. Raoul-Rochette.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.
Britton's Graphic and Literary Illustrations of Font-hill Abbey, medium 4to. 21s.; imperial 4to. 24s. 2s.
Pictorial Tour through the Oberland, imp. 8vo. 28s.
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METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

AUGUST.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 14	from 55 to 65	29.51 to 29.71
Friday ... 15	from 54 to 66	29.79 to 29.64
Saturday ... 16	from 59 to 63	29.50 to 29.49
Sunday ... 17	from 43 to 69	29.78 to 29.85
Monday ... 18	from 50 to 63	29.83 to 29.75
Tuesday ... 19	from 57 to 70	29.75 to 29.76
Wednesday ... 20	from 52 to 68	29.78 to 29.79
Prevailing wind SW.—Generally cloudy, at times showery—Rain fallen 1 in. an inch.		
Thursday ... 21	from 44 to 64	29.75 to 29.76
Friday ... 22	from 46 to 64	29.50 to 29.78
Saturday ... 23	from 55 to 70	29.59 to 29.67
Sunday ... 24	from 56 to 70	29.74 to 29.78
Monday ... 25	from 53 to 78	29.74 to 29.79
Tuesday ... 26	from 56 to 66	29.90 Stationary
Wednesday ... 27	from 58 to 72	29.89 to 30.07
Prevailing winds, SE. and SW.—Generally showery; the 22d and 26th particularly wet. A few flashes of lightning on the evening of the 26th.—Rain fallen 1 inch and $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch.		
Edmonton.		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications have been received from F.—H. G. B. H.—and *Nitilrin*. The translation of part of Tasso's *Aminta*;—Animaadversions on the Abbé Dubois; &c. &c. remain for consideration. The young lady-poet of High-Gate, writes quite in a low style; and cannot be inserted. T. K. is at present, at least, out of sight, among other Correspondents.

M. Abel Remusat's very interesting paper relative to a Chinese Philosopher of the 6th century, in our next, if possible.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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TO COUNTRY AGENTS who are in the habit of getting their Newspapers from London by the early Morning Coaches:—

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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, and CRITICAL JOURNAL. No. 76.—Price 6s.

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Printed for Arch. Constable & Co. Edinburgh; and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green, London.

On the 1st of September was published, **THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,** No. XXXIII.

Contents.—I. The Last Man. By Thomas Campbell. Esq.—II. On Mr. Irving and his Orations.—III. Table Talk, No. 8; On the Old Age of Artists.—IV. British Galleries of Art, No. 8; Knowle Park.—V. Civic Sports, No. 1; Shooting.—VI. The Greek of Love.—VII. Writers' Imagination.—VIII. Ladies versus Gentlemen.—IX. La Vanderlic.—X. Peregrinations of Thomas Trynall, Esq. No. 2.—XI. What Life to Choose.—XII. London Lyrics; Five Hundred a Year.—XIII. On the Art of Singing Songs.—XIV. Why do we Love.—XV. The Moorish Bridal Song.—XVI. Winchester.—XVII. Visit to the Museums of Seville.—XVIII. Lines to a Jasmine.—XIX. Ancient Song of a Greek Exile.—XX. Early Recollections.—XXI. To Anna.—XXII. The Three Mighty.—XXIII. Silent Glances.—XXIV. Mrs. Dobbs at Home, &c. &c. and the usual Reports and Varieties in Art, Science, Criticism, general Literature, Music and the Drama; Political, Commercial, and Domestic Occurrences, &c. &c.

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